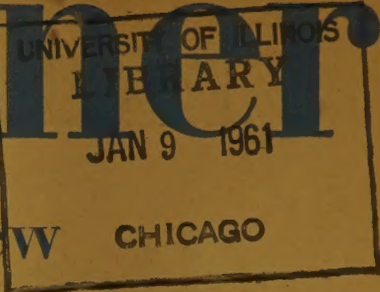


# The Listener

and

## B.B.C. Television Review



Vol. LXIV. No. 1654.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1960

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Relief of a battle scene on the walls of the ruins of Angkor in the Cambodian jungle. Sir Harry Luke's talk, 'The Temples of Angkor', is on page 1050

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### Imagination in Art and Science

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### Tunisia Faces a Challenge

By Tibor Mende

### Sources of Twentieth-century Art

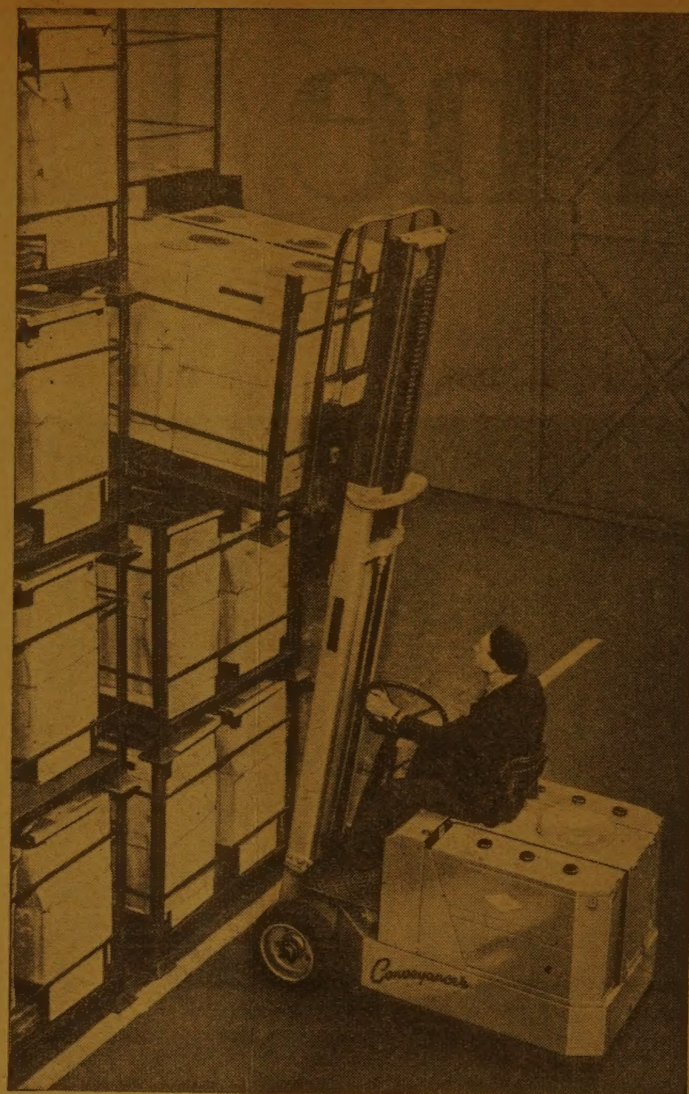
By Nikolaus Pevsner

### Wagner and 'Serialism' in Music

By Joseph Kerman



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# The Listener

Vol. LXIV. No. 1654

Thursday December 8 1960

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

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## The Price of Tradition in Industry

By AUSTEN ALBU, M.P.

SOME years ago in this programme I said that 'as the technological standards of our customers rise, we shall have to lift ours higher still. We must keep one scientific jump ahead and sell to the world products it has not yet learnt to make'. This was, of course, a simplification; but I believe that the failure in a large part of British industry to understand it underlies many of our export difficulties today.

First, let us look at the size of our foreign trade and at its present composition. For many years our imports were mainly food and raw materials, and although since the war we have become a little more self-sufficient in food, the prices of what we import have risen substantially. We also import a great deal more of some raw materials, including oil, to maintain our rising industrial production. What is not so well known is the extent to which, in recent years, our import bill has included payments for manufactured goods. Since 1957 there has been a startling rise in these imports so that for the first half of this year their cost represented nearly a third of the total import bill.

There is nothing wrong in the exchange of manufactured goods between industrial nations and, in fact, it is in this field that most recent increases in world trade have been taking place. For example, the import of goods of this kind has been rising faster in Western Germany, the United States, and Japan than it has in this country. But such an exchange of goods is possible only on two conditions. First, it must be based on roughly comparable competitive conditions between the industries of the two countries involved. Not only must production costs in general be as far as possible in line; but the degree of scientific and technical advance must also be comparable. Under these conditions the

imports will be of goods in the design or manufacture of which the exporting country has a specialized advantage. But this implies a second condition: that the importing country, by being itself competitive in a number of fields, can export enough to pay for the imports. In our case this involves the high level of exports needed first of all to pay for nearly half our food and nearly all our raw materials.

Before the war a high proportion of our imports was paid for by the export of coal or by services such as shipping and insurance or by interest and dividends on overseas investments. Today over 70 per cent. of our bill for imported goods and services is paid for by the physical export of goods and 85 per cent. of those goods are manufactured products. Even this figure does not include the products of our food, confectionery, and tobacco factories; but if these are included it will be seen that over two-thirds of our imports are paid for by the products of our factories.

We must not underestimate the enormous effort made by many sections of our industry in achieving this unprecedented level of exports: about double our pre-war volume. The question is why, if we have been so successful so far, there is such growing anxiety about the future. The answer will, I believe, be found if we examine the changing nature of what we sell to the world. There was a time when textiles formed two-thirds of our exports. That time is long past and today we import as many cotton textiles as we export. The reasons are well known: the growth of modern textile industries in many countries, especially those with a much lower standard of living and much lower wages. Two-thirds of our exports are metal and engineering products:



but this does not tell us much, for this description covers an enormous variety of goods, capital and consumer, heavy and precision, mass-produced and 'one off', highly sophisticated and relatively simple.

### The Motor-car Industry

If we look more closely, we find that in recent years the motor-car industry has been contributing over 10 per cent. of the value of all our exports. Would it be too alarmist to suggest that in some degree the troubles of the motor-car industry today are due to the same causes as led to the decline of the cotton industry? While recognizing that there is an enormously growing world demand for motor-cars, as there is for textiles, we must face the fact that more and more countries are making their own. This is not only in the highly industrialized countries of Europe where capacity has risen so rapidly. Motor-cars, being mass-produced, can be manufactured anywhere provided that the designs, the tools, and a few production engineers are made available by a parent company. Our previous largest customer, Australia, now makes her own, and India and South America are going to do so.

The truth is that a country as dependent as ours is on manufactured exports cannot afford to rely too much on any one industry and, in particular, not on any mass-production industry. Having no raw material advantages we need more and more to sell the products of our best brains.

No doubt there will be a growing market in wealthy countries for specialized consumer goods. Whereas our exports of mass-produced cars to the United States have fallen, sales of expensive cars such as the Rolls-Royce or the Jaguar and of specialist sports cars have continued to rise. But the main hope for the future of our exports must lie in the expansion of the export of capital goods of advanced design incorporating the fruits of scientific research and technological development. These are, of course, the products of the engineering industries, which have expanded a great deal since the war. Nevertheless their performance varies a good deal and there are too many branches whose adjustment to changing world markets is sluggish.

Let me take as an example the machine-tool industry. The nature of the products of this industry are of a kind that should be well suited to the requirements of today's world markets; and, in fact, the industry's export performance has greatly exceeded its pre-war level. But our share of the trade of the major exporting countries, excluding those in eastern Europe and China, is less than half Western Germany's, lower than that of the United States, and no greater than Switzerland's. More significant for the future is the fact that our imports of machine tools since the war have remained at a high level and that the value per ton of the machines we import is about double the value of what we export. In other words, we are selling weight and importing refinement, because too many of our exports represent traditional designs, while our imports are highly developed and sophisticated tools. The reason for this is partly to be found in the recently published report of the Stuart Mitchell Committee which criticizes the industry, especially for its lack of expenditure on research and development.

### A Shock for the British Public

During the last few weeks the British public has received a shock from the criticisms levelled in the press and elsewhere at one of the very idols of its industrial beliefs: shipbuilding and marine engineering. There has been an inquiry by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and, according to everything one hears, the resulting report is very critical indeed and for much the same reasons as in the case of the machine-tool industry. Too little research and development; bad organization of production; and technical backwardness in design, particularly of the propulsive machinery.

The criticism of inadequate expenditure on research and development is one that has long been levelled at a number of British industries. There has been a substantial improvement in recent years, but the situation remains patchy and many of the older industries are still wedded to their empirical methods. Expenditure on research is not, however, the whole story,

especially when the research is carried out not by the firms themselves but by a research association. If the results of research and of new scientific ideas are to be incorporated in the design of new products or in improved processes of manufacture, there must be among the managers and senior staff of the firms themselves men capable of understanding them and of translating them into practice. For this purpose they, as well as the research workers, must largely be men with a scientific education and professional qualifications. This is where many branches of our engineering industry fall down. The White Paper on Scientific and Engineering Manpower in 1959 showed that in the machine-tool industry only 1.3 per cent. of its employees were qualified scientists and engineers; while in the shipbuilding industry the figure was as low as 0.6 per cent. This compares with 2.2 per cent. in electrical engineering, 3.7 per cent. in chemicals and 2.7 per cent. in aircraft.

But these figures do not tell the whole story. The definition of qualified scientist and engineer includes many whose only qualification is membership of one of a number of professional bodies, some of which for many years did not even insist on examination as a condition of membership. In some institutions few of the members are university graduates but most are likely to have acquired their theoretical knowledge in part-time courses for the Higher National Certificate in engineering or some similar award which cannot possibly be compared with a modern degree or the new Diploma in Technology.

For instance, in the machine-tool industry a large number are members of the Institution of Production Engineers. Out of 870 new corporate members admitted by the Institution in 1959, only 100 were university graduates. Ninety per cent. of the largest firms in the industry had only twenty-five graduate engineers among them. Most of the qualified staff in the shipbuilding industry are members of the Institute of Marine Engineers. Out of 630 new members admitted in 1959 only forty were university graduates; many of the rest having qualified by the examinations for a Board of Trade sea-going engineer's certificate. It is unlikely that more than seventy or eighty graduates are employed in the shipbuilding and marine-engineering industry and more than half are probably employed on Admiralty research.

### Just Emerging from the George Stephenson Age

The truth of the matter is that some of our industries are only just emerging from the George Stephenson age in the training of engineers. Mechanical engineering in its modern form originated on the railways, and many other branches of the industry grew up to supply the railways' needs and adopted their methods of training. When I was an engineering student our heroes were still the Chief Mechanical Engineers who continued to build those huge but inefficient monsters that thundered down our main lines. Most of those men obtained their training by starting as indentured apprentices in the workshops, obtained some theoretical knowledge by attending evening classes at a technical institute, and eventually achieved the coveted membership of a professional institution.

It was this system which gave us leadership in the early years of the last century, before an adequate basis of engineering science existed for a more formal education. But it was already out of date before the end of the century, by which time our competitors were training engineers in universities, and it was only given a new lease of life by the introduction of the National Certificate based on evening education in the early 'twenties. Today it is hopelessly inadequate for any industry that needs to apply the new scientific and technical discoveries which pour out of the research laboratories. Our industrial competitors, coming later into the field, employ a far larger proportion of engineers trained in universities, often special technical universities. The results are to be seen in an increasing lead by many of them in design and in technical innovation.

The strength of the hold of the traditional method of training was demonstrated in the evidence given by British Railway witnesses before the Select Committee on Nationalized Industries. The railways alone, employing over half a million, have about 1,400 qualified scientists and engineers of all types, of

(concluded on page 1053)



# Tunisia Faces a Challenge

By TIBOR MENDE

**K**AIROUAN is Tunisia's holy city. It was after four hours' drive to the south that I first noticed the tall and austere tower of its thirteen-centuries-old mosque. Its courtyard was lined by splendid Roman columns, magnificent objects, all found in the region, legacies of still earlier conquerors. All round there stretched the usual maze of narrow lanes filled with the unmistakable smell and noise of medieval Islam—barely changed. My eyes ached as the venerable and white-washed city-walls reflected the sunshine, cruel in spite of the season.

Seven visits to Kairouan, according to tradition, dispense with the compulsory pilgrimage to Mecca. Yet even Kairouan is being modernized. A bank, with a marble façade, is its smartest building. The local headquarters of the ruling party is the next best. The carpet industry is flourishing. The sleepy hotel is growing new wings to accommodate the German and Scandinavian tourists who come, ever more numerous, in search of sunshine in their huge Pullman buses. The surrounding countryside is also entering our century. A few miles further on I met the director of an agricultural experimental station: his job was to awaken the region by the force of example. His instruments were canals, selected seeds, and crops, like cotton, which were never grown there before.

He was an educated man and spoke excellent French. The peasants in his charge, so he told me, were slowly taking to the new ways. A group of simple but modern houses was going up to give them decent quarters near the fields which henceforward will produce better and more. As we walked round, our conversation grew more friendly. Besides the land, so the director told me, he had other problems. He had been married to a French woman and had three children. But nearly four years ago she left for France. 'When we were first married all went well. But marriage between different races poses many problems', he added philosophically. They could not get on and she left the children behind and asked for a divorce. But he rejected my attempted sympathy. 'My work makes up to me for everything. We are independent



Ancient method of irrigation on the Isle of Djerba, Tunisia: a camel being used to draw water from a well

Ben Darby



Modern town-planning in Tunis: a new square being laid out under one of the schemes for public works to create employment

and we have to modernize our country. It is a great satisfaction to see the response I get from my men'.

All this was inevitably symbolic: four years ago there was another divorce after seventy-five years of marriage between Tunisia and France; and, like that agricultural expert now independent, Tunisia too was looking after her own children and turning her attention to the improvement of her land and all that she had inherited.

Tunisia's problems are still manageable. The unavoidable passions generated by the transition from French protection to independence remain under control. Though perhaps not fast enough, there is visible progress. Above all, tradition, temperament, and the rulers' will combine to opt for compromise where other formerly colonial lands barely resist the temptation of the revolutionary short cut.

Tunisia is about half the size of Italy, though about a third of it is economically worthless, lost to the sands of the Sahara. But the greater part is smiling country with good land, enough water, abundant manpower, and with a small but finely educated élite. The country is on the eastern edge of that immense promontory of Africa which juts out into the Mediterranean as if it were



trying to reach Europe. Where it nearly succeeds, opposite Gibraltar, it is only a remote corner of Africa. But where Tunisia reaches out to less than 100 miles from Sicily, it is the very heart of the Mediterranean. Here, through this corridor, have passed the rivalries, the trade, and the culture which have for so long shaped the world's history round that incredibly blue sea. Phoenicians and Romans, Arabs, Turks, Spaniards and Frenchmen, all have left behind their deposit of ruins and fortresses, their ideas and culture, their religion, and their system of law and government. Against the background of a sunny climate and nearly 1,000 miles of palm-fringed sea, they all help to produce the twentieth-century Tunisian. He is racially too mixed, and has in his memory too many religions, to be intolerant. His African placidity is spiced by his taste for legal argument, brought over from the Forum of Rome, and by his enthusiasm for Europe's logic, conveyed by the intellectuals of France. And though Moslem in tradition, the country turns its face to Europe's civilization.

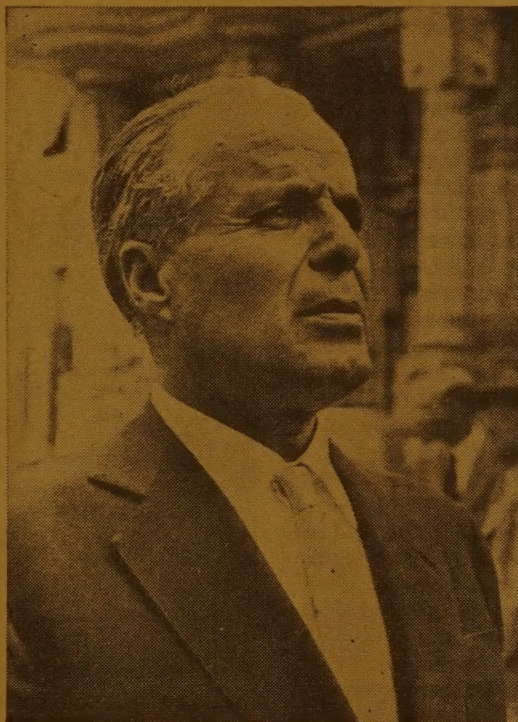
Tunisia, like so many other colonies, also had to struggle for her independence. But the transition was not too costly. This was partly due to the leadership of a particularly gifted tactician, the present President of the Republic, Habib Bourguiba. Like most of the other leading politicians, he has spent years in prison. The Neo-Destour, their well-organized movement which is still the unchallenged ruling party, had been outlawed, and there were years of demonstrations, bomb-throwing, and repression. Yet a brief period of internal autonomy was soon followed by full political independence in 1956. A year later the monarchy—which survived under the French protectorate—gave way to the Republic. Ever since, Tunisia has been trying to complete by economic measures the political independence so gained.

Seeing the new quarters of Tunis, all the cinemas, the espressos, and the modern public buildings, one does not immediately realize that there is widespread poverty in the villages. Though there is nothing comparable to the misery of some Asian and African lands, the average income of the rural Tunisian is probably not more than £25 a year. Three-quarters of the population live off agriculture. Industries are rare, and so most manufactured goods have to be imported; and nearly two-thirds of the exports which pay for them are agricultural products. So agriculture is, and is bound to remain for many more years, the decisive factor. But as in most underdeveloped countries, agriculture is backward and its yields are low—with the exception of land which used to belong to Frenchmen. As usual, illiteracy, inadequate irrigation, and lack of equipment are the chief causes. Moreover, there is already a great deal of unemployment in the villages and so a resulting trek of redundant villagers towards the cities in search of better and more interesting living.

The Government has been making genuine efforts to find remedies. Serving the general purpose of all-round 'Tunisification', much of the French-owned land has already been taken over and given to Tunisians. Important irrigation schemes are under way and the state is providing large-scale aid to raise productivity on the land. All over the country I met squads of labourers who broaden roads, dig canals, plant trees, or build houses in place of former slums. They are part of Tunisia's original experiment of public-works teams. In fact every unemployed worker is entitled to take part in these schemes in return for some food and a daily payment of about 5s. This may be somewhat artificial full-employment and the work done is not always really constructive. Inevitably, also, the workers' productivity is rather low.

Meanwhile, in the big hotels of Tunis I met foreign business men who had come to examine investment opportunities. Paper could be manufactured from the alfa-grass now exported.

Fertilizers could be made out of local potash. The quality of the cotton is good enough to justify the creation of a textile industry. Equally, the modest mineral deposit could provide a basis for the local manufacture of at least simple implements and machines. So various industrial plans are afoot. A pipeline is nearing completion which will carry oil from the French Sahara to a south Tunisian port and so provide Tunisia with a handsome transit-revenue. An Italian company is planning to build a refinery near the harbour. Not least, the tourist industry is growing into a chief source of foreign currency, amply justified by the climate, the sea, excellent roads, and by the abundant archaeological sites. So, during the first four years of her independence, Tunisia has known relative prosperity. Her olive oil, her fruits and vegetables, as well as her raw materials have found ready markets abroad. There was some foreign aid too, so budgets have been balanced and the currency has remained stable.



President Bourguiba of Tunisia

Yet in all the Ministries I met young men who believe that not enough has been done. They are highly qualified intellectuals—usually educated at French universities—who are apprehensive of the future. Idealists, they would like to see more austerity today to prepare for the problems of the near future. 'Our population, nearly 4,000,000, grows by 70,000 each year. Every day we ought to create eighty new jobs merely to prevent the number of unemployed, already over 300,000, from growing further', said one of them. 'To do so we would need fewer luxury imports, faster progress on the land, and more industries. Above all, we would need more planning'.

Some of these young idealists themselves work in the Planning Commission which was created in 1958. They admit that lack of reliable statistics delays the launching of the proposed ten-year plan. There has been progress, they agree. 'But', explained one of these critics, 'political power is in the hands of people of middle-class origin, and Tunisia's traders, with their attachment to the ideals of liberal economics, are too influential to welcome the structural changes that serious planning would imply'.

Yet next to the modernization of agriculture and industrialization, the replacement of the departing French is also causing worry to Tunisia's potential planners. In 1956, when independence was won, there were 250,000 foreigners in the country. Today no more than 100,000 remain—two-thirds French and most of the rest Italians. Naturally, those most qualified were best able to look for employment elsewhere, so the least qualified, and therefore the least useful, tended to remain.

The landowners have feared, rightly, that the Tunisians would try to dislodge them. Others, traders and employees, found it often difficult to adapt themselves to being no more privileged than other citizens. Some Frenchmen, however, have been making genuine efforts to adapt themselves and, as a whole, their prosperity has not suffered. But, all this said, there is a clear-cut difference between those left behind by the colonial era and those who have come in at the request of the Tunisians since independence.

Most numerous in this category are the teachers and professors—nearly 3,500—or the specialists in technical assistance. These people, usually young and not associated with former French rule, have excellent working relations with the Tunisians. Several among them have assured me that they were looking forward to the renewal of their contracts. Yet it is only natural that the Tunisians should wish to train their own people for all these jobs. That, however, is a long-term goal. While landowners and traders in general will meet growing competition from Tunisians supported by the authorities, those foreigners whom the Tunisians consider useful and co-operative will be assured of their friendly welcome for many more years.



When I visited a 'children's village'—one of the several built for orphaned and abandoned youngsters—the Director told me that the children were often awakened in the night by flares and by the sound of guns from across the Algerian border, twenty miles away. 'They have to get used to it', he added sadly. Yet, like the sleep of those children, so all the plans of Tunisia are disturbed by the Algerian war. There is now a dead no-man's-land where previously men and goods passed freely. Daily new refugees arrive on the Tunisian side to join the tens of thousands already there. The Algerians maintain training camps on Tunisian soil; even, according to some, their own tribunals. Foreign arms destined for the Algerian fighters are believed to be passing across Tunisian soil. In fact, the provisional Algerian government certainly has more armed men in Tunisia than are in the budding Tunisian army itself. The Algerian leaders are installed in the Tunisian capital, they receive foreign diplomats and make official declarations. And though there is no doubt about the Tunisians' sympathy for the Algerians' cause, their leaders' decisions often overshadow even those taken by President Bourguiba.

Evidently, no realistic plans for Tunisia are possible while the future of North Africa is in the balance. The size of markets, if nothing else, is at stake. Not least, the efforts at adaptation of even the most enlightened Europeans are short-circuited by the emotions resulting from Tunisian solidarity with the Algerians.

'We would take any risks to hasten the end of this terrible war', President Bourguiba told me. And in this, as in other things, he is a spokesman of the great majority of his compatriots. He is a man of restless intelligence whose political talent is intolerably curtailed by the sea on the east and the electrified barbed wire along his country's western border. He is Western in his manners and in his thinking. He even risked his popularity in calling for the liberalization of religious tradition. He asked

women to abandon their veil, and secularized seats of Islamic learning. 'The Prophet broke his fast to fight his enemies; we too have an enemy to vanquish: it is misery', he said, imploring Tunisians to curtail the leisure that goes with the long fast of the Ramadan. Yet whatever misgivings his westernization may have provoked, his popularity is immense. The enlightened paternalism he and the Neo-Destour stand for encounters no serious opposition. And both Frenchmen and Tunisians have assured me that at least eighty per cent. would vote for the President whatever sacrifice he might ask for.

The Algerian war and the urgent need for economic planning to meet the problems of the next decade are, then, the only sizeable clouds in Tunisia's otherwise bright sky. And the two are interdependent. Meanwhile Tunisia remains in the relatively privileged category of underdeveloped countries where the existing problems do not yet call for emergency solutions. The men who rule the country see its future with the West. They hope that events in Algeria will not frustrate their aims. At the same time they are becoming more aware of the continent to which they belong. Their representatives at the United Nations have been prominent in debates concerning Africa, and delegations from all over the continent land at Tunis airport every day.

Thus, once again, geography is forcing Tunisia to be a bridge. It will not be merely between the two basins of the Mediterranean. This time Tunisia will find herself between the West that helped to shape her, between Asia that offers tempting economic experiments, and between that Africa which offers markets and to which she hopes to pass on some of her accumulated experience. The new stakes are proportionate with these new dimensions. Instead of new servitudes, so it is hoped, they will offer new opportunities. Tunisia is spending nearly a fifth of her budget on education. And that, more than anything else, underlines her intention to take up history's latest challenge.

—Third Programme

## The Communist Conference in Moscow

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. correspondent in Central Europe

**W**HAT has been going on in Moscow in these past few weeks is comparable, I think, to what went on in Europe during the late Middle Ages, when men were just beginning to feel themselves less a member of one Church than a member of one nation; and the protracted argument in Moscow is of what used to be called the 'scholastic' kind, ostensibly based on sincere differences of opinion about dogma but in reality cloaking rapidly growing differences about tactics and leadership.

We have some things clear, or as clear as they are ever likely to be: one is that the Soviet Union thinks communism can win by peaceful means; another is that Communist China has the gravest doubts about such a possibility and that in this it is supported by, among others, the weakest of all European communist countries—Albania, one of whose deputy Prime Ministers the other day described such an approach as 'begging for peace'. Within the framework of this struggle itself—which is of truly historical importance—there are, however, other smaller struggles and some of these, too, have emerged during the past few weeks in Moscow. Albania, for example, hates Yugoslavia—no weaker verb will do; and in that hate, which is made obvious almost daily, can be found a part of the explanation for Albania's support for China, which attacks Yugoslav revisionism with equal regularity. Yugoslavia is shortly to have a new constitution in which the emphasis is on decentralization. And this is likely to increase the width of the rift not only with China and Albania, which believe in tight centralization, but also with certain other communist countries—Czechoslovakia, for example, where another new constitution, now in force, brings the source of power more securely into the centre than ever before.

But what about Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union? True, the Soviet Union still practises what it calls 'democratic centralism', but there has also been a wide decentralization of industry under

Mr. Khrushchev, and it is noteworthy that on a recent occasion the greetings telegram sent by Mr. Khrushchev to President Tito called for all-round development of friendly relations. The Bulgarian and Rumanian leaders, who are firmly behind Mr. Khrushchev, have also spoken of the need for better relations with Belgrade.

Then there is the problem of Poland, the country in which the Church wields great influence side by side with an atheistic government and where the collectivization of land has lagged far behind that in any of its neighbours. One of the rumours about the Moscow conference which appears to have been true is that President Novotny of Czechoslovakia had hard words to say about Mr. Gomulka and that the Polish leader was vigorously defended by Mr. Khrushchev, even though Czechoslovakia is now supposed to have joined the Soviet Union in being a full Socialist State, as distinct from a mere People's Democracy. Here again old national rivalries and antipathies play their part. We know of the barbed wire that divides eastern from western Europe, but anyone who wishes to inspect the iron curtain within east Europe itself might take as a model the barriers erected across the middle of Tesin, on the frontier between Czechoslovakia and Poland.

In Belgrade, where political ears are unusually sharp, it is not thought that anything sensational will emerge from these Moscow talks as such, but that the gap between Communist China and the Soviet Union is now too wide to be bridged; and that the best any final declaration\* can do is to present a formula for the sake of preserving a façade of unity. There are many who will say the conference has been a disaster for communism, and in the long run that is probably so. But it is also true that were Mr. Khrushchev and his coexistence policy to be defeated at some later date, the consequences for the immediate future of humanity could be grim indeed.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

\* A 20,000-word communiqué was published in Moscow on December 6



# The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1960

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

## Export and Design

**M**R. AUSTEN ALBU has much to say in a talk on another page about the need for British exports to be of the most advanced design—technically and scientifically. However his strictures may apply to the making of high-grade engineering products rather than consumer goods. Mr. Albu seems in fact to be asking for greater scientific perception behind the output of our factories, in the same way that three months ago Professor Kenneth Galbraith (in his talk 'Art and Economics') was asking for more artistic perception in British design. Of course both these cries have been heard before. There has for long been a demand that British manufacturing processes should be speeded up, so that the interval of time can be shortened between the laying out of a prototype of an article on the drawing board and its mass production. Nearly twenty years ago a paper by the American designer, Raymond Loewy, was read to the Royal Society of Arts, in which he said that progressive English designers admitted 'that the domestic quality of some of their designs' had closed many markets to English manufacture. Yet today many people still believe that Britain would sell more exports if they were better designed.

In such a situation, it is encouraging that twice this year the British contribution to two international exhibitions should appear to have been planned with much enterprise. In August, the theme of the twelfth Triennale in Milan was 'The Home and the School'. Britain sent to it as her principal exhibit a pre-fabricated school designed by the chief architect of Nottingham County Council. Now, at a current exhibition in Paris, the theme of which is 'The Sources of the Twentieth Century', the British exhibits are making a powerful impression. Indeed, in a talk which we print in THE LISTENER today, Professor Pevsner describes the way in which they fit into the display in some detail. All of them may be pre-1914, but by showing how widely Britain influenced the sources of twentieth-century art at this time, the exhibits do something positive to help our friends in Europe realize the strength and continuity of the British tradition at its best. If some European politicians still like to think of Britain as the land of Dickens, some European industrialists certainly like to think of her only as the land of Gainsborough and Chippendale.

A fortnight ago the first report of the National Advisory Council on Art Education recommended many improvements for advanced courses in art education in England and Wales. The proposals include the creation of a new high standard Diploma in Art and Design; and the report, while recommending four kinds of specialization (fine art, graphic design, three-dimensional design, and textiles/fashion) contains the significant opinion that 'fine art teaching must serve not only those who intend to become painters and sculptors, but all other students whatever their eventual aim'. Recently, there has perhaps been in Britain too much of a divorce between the fine artist and the designer, and it is this situation which has led to some inferior British products, in lazy traditionalized styles, comparable with sub-Roman work. In the period of the Paris exhibition this was not so, and an English architect like Voysey displayed—in the best Renaissance tradition—the same skill in designing a toast-rack or a cruet set as he did in creating a wallpaper or the entrance hall of some private house in Hertfordshire.

## What They Are Saying

### The Archbishop of Canterbury's visits

THE IRAQI RADIO, claiming to report the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to Jerusalem, said:

The Archbishop of Canterbury told local authorities in Jerusalem that he deeply regretted the partition of Jerusalem. He said that he deplored the role played by the men in power in Britain which had caused the pains that still afflict the Palestinian refugees. He added that those responsible for these sufferings should redress them and should eliminate the causes of the present troubles.

In Western Germany the independent newspaper, *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, discussing the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to the Pope, wrote that many Christians hoped that this gesture of long-neglected Christian politeness would only be a beginning, and would be followed by an open and sincere talk. But if, alone, this spirit of friendship and politeness remained, it would be enjoyable enough. It would be a sign that the time when differences of faith not only existed but were sharpened in an un-Christian manner had come to an end, at least among Christians. The more sceptical Social Democrat newspaper *Neue Rhein-Zeitung* noted that the meeting had been described simply as a friendly talk, and asked 'What else could it be?' The truth is, said the paper, that for the Man in Rome, the Man in Canterbury is no Archbishop, and for the Briton the Roman is not 'The Holy Father'. In Rome the Catholic newspaper *Il Quotidiano* described the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to the Pope as 'of the greatest importance'. It wrote:

No one certainly dares say what will come of this visit, but the hope it has aroused in the hearts of unity-loving Christians has coincided with concern on the part of those who could benefit from Christian disunity—namely the militant atheists. It is no longer a mystery that the Moscow Government put pressure on Patriarch Alexius of Moscow to travel to the Near East to put a brake on the movement for Christian unity. . . . On the other hand, Patriarch Alexius is a man of secure faith and it could be that his trip has had an effect opposite to the one desired by the Kremlin.

Russian broadcasts in English, reporting on Patriarch Alexius's visit to Egypt, said that the delegation of the Russian Orthodox Church headed by the Patriarch had been accorded a warm welcome by the clergy and believers of the Alexandrian Church and by the civil authorities.

Many radio commentators and newspapers have discussed the debate on colonialism in the United Nations Assembly. *The New York Times* noted that the Afro-Asian group of countries had rejected the purely propagandist Soviet resolution demanding the immediate end of colonial rule. The American newspaper thought that the resolution put forward by the Afro-Asian countries offered a better approach to the facts. But the one dubious point in it, said the journal, was the provision that 'inadequacy of political, economic, social, or cultural preparedness' should not serve as a pretext for delaying independence. *The New York Times* considered this provision in the resolution to be 'in obvious conflict with the Charter provisions calling for prior development of free institutions in areas where they do not as yet exist'. The Afro-Asian resolution should be modified to avert new and even more dangerous crises like that in the Congo. *The New York Daily News*, commenting on the Soviet resolution against colonialism, and on the speech of the British delegate attacking it, said that Mr. Ormsby-Gore had showed the thing up for 'the piece of brass-bound hypocrisy' that it was. Mr. Ormsby-Gore had got that result by the simple device of reminding the Assembly about the once free nations which the Kremlin kept in slavery, whereupon Soviet delegate Mr. Zorin had taken to pounding his desk and yelling just like Mr. Khrushchev. The incident had once again pointed up a fact which the West should keep constantly in mind, namely that the captive nations were the Kremlin's number one sore spot, and that the best and easiest way to keep the Kremlin off-balance was to demand freedom for those captive countries in season and out, as loudly as possible.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service  
DERRICK SINGTON



# Did You Hear That?

## A NEW HAT

'THE HATTERS ARE firmly convinced that men, and particularly those that in the trade they call "young fellers", are becoming more and more hat-conscious', said SYLVIA WATERHOUSE in 'Today' (Home Service). 'Women may be tossing aside their toques and cloches, but it appears their boy friends, husbands, brothers, and sons are rushing into shops and buying hats, not only, as hitherto, to help them get ahead or to keep the rain off, but actually to complete their outfits and, so to speak, round off their personalities. In fact no longer does any "young feller" worth his salt feel dressed without a dashing headpiece. To help him in his search for headgear which is modern without in any way being "beat", and which complies with his urge for individuality without at all offending his love of conformity, the hatters have devised a cunning scheme, a veritable man-trap.

'Last year, with splendid insight into the psychology of their customers, they put on the market just two new designs, the Delta and the Robin Hood, and this year they have discreetly added a third, the Alpine; but these are available in a dazzling array of colours and materials, so that any man can achieve the ideal condition of being the same as the next chap, yet different.

'The most conservative of the three styles is the Delta. This is the contemporary equivalent of the trilby, but it is altogether more chic, with its narrow and excessively curly brim and its neat little crown. This looks its best in fine brown felt and was designed, it seems, for the young business executive.

'The Robin Hood is presumably for rather merrier men. It has a tapering crown, again narrow curly sides, and the brim comes down to a rather sharp point in front—thus echoing the



New designs in men's hats: (left) the Delta, (right) the Robin Hood, and (below) the Alpine



line of those pointed shoes that the man of fashion is wearing these days. The Robin Hood comes in all sorts of velours, tweeds, and worsteds and also in a rather fetching rough felt. It is trimmed with gay knitted or crocheted bands, feathers, and sometimes a tiny bow and arrow as well.

'The newest hat, the Alpine, is a little more sinister looking. It has an even more exaggeratedly tapering crown than the Robin Hood, the same curly sides, but a front brim shaped like the peak on a guardsman's cap. It is designed to be worn on the front of the head in the approved Tyrolean manner, and is decorated with feather mounts. The crown, and I quote from the hatters' hand-out on this technical matter, "may be undented or have a centre, porkpie, peardrop, or diamond dent". What is more, if the hat fits, the owner would be able to wear it when driving his fast open sports car through open country on a windy day'.

## BARNSTAPLE BRIDGE

'There are many beautiful medieval bridges in Devon', said ALAN GIBSON in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service). 'You may find them guarding a quiet backwater, as at Staverton on the Dart, or at the centre of a port, such as at Bideford. One of the bridges I like best is that at Barnstaple. It has recently been announced that this bridge is to be widened and come under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Transport. I suppose this is necessary, because in recent years the old bridge has not been able adequately to sustain the weight of traffic; at the same time, it is rather sad to think that this relic of West Country individualism is to be transformed into an off-shoot of a government department. For centuries at Barnstaple, as at Bideford nearby, there



The medieval bridge at Barnstaple, Devon



has been a Bridge Warden. If he is to continue in the future it seems it will be as a formality rather than as a practising official.

'What Barnstaple calls the Long Bridge has stood there from the earliest recorded time. The present structure was probably built in the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century. It has sixteen arches and is 700 feet long. At one time, like many other Devon bridges, it was decorated by a chantry. Barnstaple chantry was a gift of the De Tracy family, and it has been suggested that the foundation was part of the reparation which Henry de Tracy had to make for his share in the murder of Thomas à Becket. The chantry was dedicated to St. Thomas.

'The bridge has been widened previously in 1832. Its original character was somewhat spoilt then by some iron railings, but, all the same, it does retain much of its original beauty. Whatever form the reconstruction may take in answer to the demands of the insatiable internal combustion engine, let us hope that an architect will be found capable of preserving its essence'.

## WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

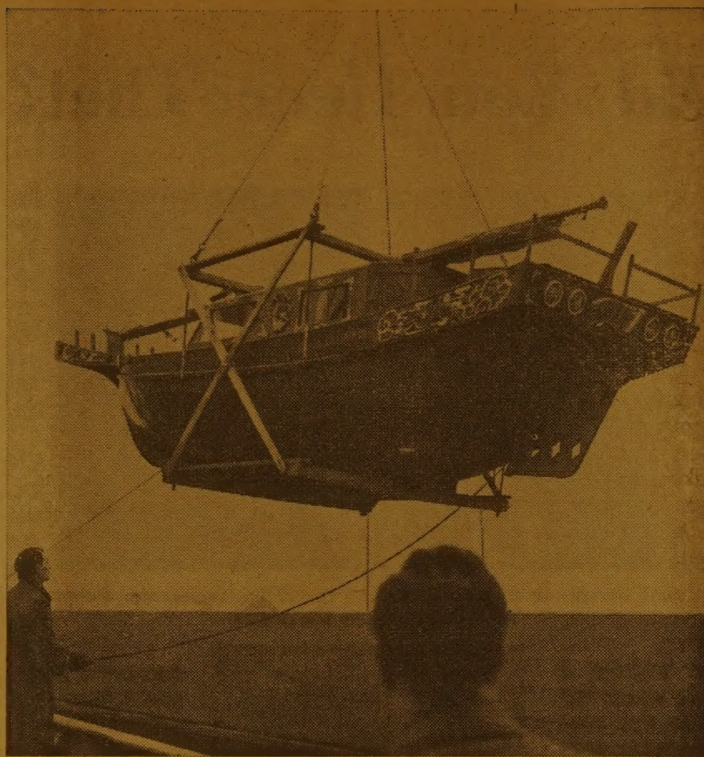
In 'Scottish Life and Letters' (Scottish Home Service) DAVID MURISON gave a progress report on a work which has been going on for a long time. The section of the Scottish National Dictionary dealing with the letter 'L' is just about to be published.

'We have got as far as "langour"', he said. 'Folk in the north of Scotland will be well acquainted with this word, especially in the phrase "to haud a body out o' langour". For those who have not met it before, it means "to keep one from wearying or being bored".'

'Up to now the *National Dictionary* has collected more than 500,000 examples of word-usage, and the 2,000 pages of the dictionary already published contain articles on more than 14,000 individual words. Naturally, it is a much bigger undertaking than Jamieson's first *Scots Dictionary* of 1808. In that the article on "Deil", the devil, one of the most popular characters in Scotland, ran to half a page. In the modern dictionary it covers two and a half pages, with phrases like "deil belicket", that is "not a blessed thing" ("damn all" is the corresponding English expression); "deil's fit", the root of the wild orchid or a shoemaker's last; "deil tak ye"—that is the Scots phrase for the song of the yellowhammer; "deil's dizzen", thirteen—thirteen being the number of witches at a Witches' Sabbath—and the expression "the deil's gane ower Jock Wabster" for "things are in a devil of a mess". We have not found out who Jock Wabster was, but another famous Jock, Jock Tamson, whose bairns we all are, has been traced first at about the end of the fifteenth century as the name for the average man, rather like "Tom, Dick and Harry".'

'Again, in dealing with what has become the national game of golf, the name of which probably came over with the game itself from Holland, Jamieson's single column has grown to four in the *National Dictionary*, under the heading "Gowf", the Scots form being kept here and, as is noted, officially also by one golf club in Scotland, that of Newmilns in Ayrshire.

'We have regular informants working all the time



The Chinese junk 'Sea Dragon' being swung ashore at West India Docks, London—

for us, but we send out questionnaires to anyone interested enough to ask for one. These are long lists of words about which we want to know more than we do. The most recent has about 2,000 words beginning with L or M: "little Sunday", the Saturday before the half-yearly Communion in the Kirk; "Mrs. McClarty" for a slattern; "the wild Macraes" as a nickname for the Seaforth Highlanders; "maccallum" for a fruit-flavoured ice-cream; the pretty name "mysie" (May's eye) for the primrose; a curious Perthshire word "mahooanant" which appears to mean stupid; and another oddity "meffin", warming oneself in front of a fire. Are there any views on the origins of these?'

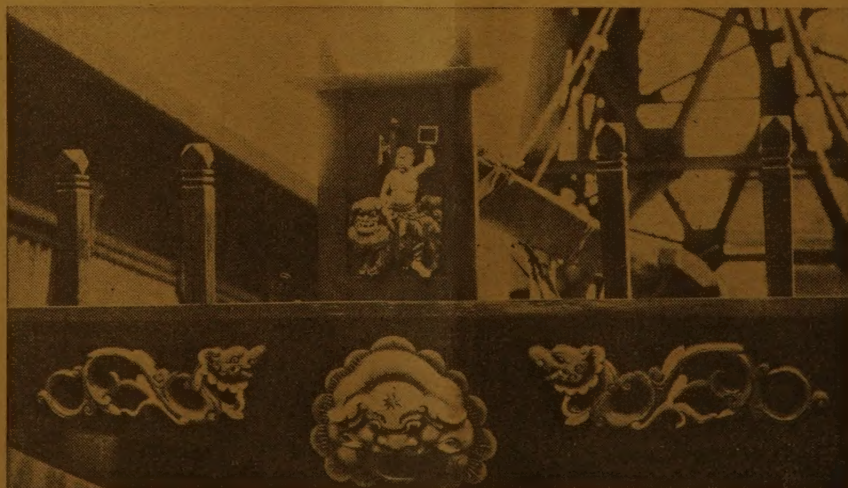
## CHINESE JUNK

Last week, the first of a consignment of Chinese junks arrived at London docks, complete with sails and covered in mysterious symbols. MICHAEL HANCOCK, B.B.C. reporter,

described the boat (which will be exhibited at the National Boat Show next month) and interviewed the importer, Mr. Johnston, in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'The junk's overall length is twenty-four feet and her name is "Sea Dragon"', he said. 'She is covered with gaily painted Chinese symbols. At the prow are two eyes, which the Chinese say are necessary on all ships, adding with their undeniable logic: "no see, no sail". There is also a prayer inscribed to the fish of the world asking for their guidance and protection through all waters. On the hull is carved the Chinese peacock of plenty, and at the stern more sailors' prayers, asking for favourable winds. All need not depend on the wind, however, for there is provision made for an engine. The junk is built of three especially hard woods—camphor, teak, and yacal—and its design has not changed in a thousand years.'

'I asked Mr. Johnston how many junks he was importing and he said: "This is the first of an order for fifty which we placed in the shipyards in Hong Kong. This boat will sell in England as a four-berth cabin cruiser equipped with sails. A 'beamy' boat like this needs special handling, but one can get the hang of it quickly. They are excellent sea boats, very easy to sail. I think we shall see the first junk sailing on the Thames before Easter".'



—and decorations on the craft



## Art and Anarchy

## The Fear of Knowledge

The fourth of six Reith Lectures by EDGAR WIND

WHEN I spoke about Plato's fear of art, and suggested that he had cause to fear it, it may have sounded as if I were trying to revive a ghost: for it is certain that the sacred fear of art has left us. We have, however, another fear which I believe was unknown to Plato—the fear that knowledge might hurt the imagination, that the exercise of artistic faculties, both in the artist and in the spectator, might be weakened by the use of reason. This is a modern fear and, if I am not mistaken, unfamiliar before the Romantic period; but for more than a century and a half it has dominated our view of art with such force that we have come to look upon it as a basic truth, supported by a strong philosophical and literary tradition.

## Exquisite Phantom and Cold Philosophy

In Keats's 'Lamia', for example, the exquisite phantom of the poet's imagination is killed by the cold and analytical look of philosophy:

and for the sage,  
Let spear-grass and the spiteful thistle wage  
War on his temples. Do not all charms fly  
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

The poet's vision has no place 'in the dull catalogue of common things':

Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings, . . .  
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made  
The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

In retrospect it has seemed to some classical scholars, who were still under the spell of the Romantic view, that Greek tragedy died of Greek philosophy, that the primitive inspiration which the tragic poets drew from myth and ritual could not survive the destructive talk of Socrates. In the *Phaedo* Plato seems to suggest that Socrates felt a scruple on that account and sang a poetic swan-song before he died, as if to recant his inveterate addiction to reasonableness. He had been visited by certain dreams which intimated that he should 'cultivate and make music': so he composed a hymn to Apollo and turned Aesop's Fables into verse. Whether this delightful story is true or not, Plato took the occasion to define the kind of poetry which Socrates would write: it is didactic poetry, a class of literature which every respectable treatise on modern aesthetics has taught us to despise.

## A Didactic Ballet

Didactic poetry, we are told, is a kind of monster, a hybrid of intellect and imagination, in which art is sacrificed to the interests of reason, and reason betrayed by the use of art. It may well be that didactic poetry is today condemned unread. Yet a glance at the botanical verse of Erasmus Darwin, or a poem on 'The Art of Preserving Health' by John Armstrong, readily shows that the poetic schoolmaster defeats his own purpose: for his verses do not fire the reader's imagination, they merely inspire him with a sound distrust of an argument that lends itself to rhyme. Nor is the prospect more encouraging in the other arts. Except for curiosity's sake, one would hardly wish to see a ballet composed by Descartes for Christine of Sweden, in which the intellectual and moral virtues are said to have danced before the queen. I myself once saw a didactic ballet, an American piece composed by Martha Graham on the Declaration of Independence, in which the text, recited by a chorus, supplied the rhythmic foundation for the dance: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident', and so forth. It was a good ballet, and I must say in its defence that the huge leaps of the dancers, their heroic gestures and rhythmic contortions dispelled any thought that all men are created equal. Imagination here triumphed over didacticism, but I am not at all certain that this would have

been the case in the more sober composition by Descartes.

As for didactic painting, that again would seem to be a discouraging subject. We think of Ingres's picture of 'The Apotheosis of Homer', in which his flair as a painter deserted him because he was seized with the misguided ambitions of a pedantic pedagogue. Or we think of Kaulbach or the once famous Chenavard, a painter from Lyons, of whom Baudelaire said that his brain resembled his native city: it was foggy with vapours and soot from furnaces, and bristling with bell-towers and chimney stacks. While great at inventing encyclopaedic programmes which covered the history of mankind, he was remarkably bad at painting them. The gross incongruity between thought and image amused Baudelaire to such an extent that he began a critical essay which he intended to call 'Philosophic Art', but he left it unfinished for an excellent reason: he changed his mind in the middle of it. The plan was to show how in didactic painting crude images result from great ideas. 'Pure, disinterested beauty', he writes, 'can be reached only by an art removed from instruction, whereas a desire to be philosophically clear necessarily degrades the artistic image'. But this familiar thesis is cancelled by an additional note which reads: 'There is something good in Chenavard's assumption, it is the disdain of prattle and the conviction that great painting rests on great ideas'.

## Great Ideas and the Painter

If Baudelaire became doubtful about the foolishness of didactic art, we might be well advised to follow his example and retrace our own steps. Admittedly, it is a little perplexing to be told first that great ideas produce bad painting, and then to learn on the same authority that great painting rests on great ideas. But there is no need to choose between these two propositions, for we may find that both are true if they are carefully qualified. The pressure of thought upon art does not follow a simple and uniform law. Great ideas have a way of either quickening or clogging the spirit of a painter, with the result that the sort of intellectual excitement which proved the undoing of Chenavard or Kaulbach made Raphael rise to his greatest height in the painting of 'The School of Athens'.

We all know that a painting and an argument are two different things, and that the best argument does not produce a good painting. Hence, if a painter becomes so enamoured of his thoughts that he allows them to overpower his vision, his pictorial imagination will be enfeebled by ideas which distract him from the art of painting. It is right, therefore, to say that flight into knowledge is an artistic weakness, because it substitutes intellect for imagination. However, flight from knowledge is also a weakness: it assumes that the artist's imagination has not sufficient strength to respond actively to the pressure of thought. The insecure painter should indeed beware of distraction; his limited pictorial power may go by the board if he thinks too much; and the weak spectator might also do well not to let his thoughts roam while he looks at a painting. To that extent our habitual distrust of the intellect in art is sound. Yet there is something wrong with an aesthetics which explains why Chenavard and Kaulbach failed, but not why Raphael succeeded; which can account for the poetic weakness of Erasmus Darwin but not for the force of Lucretius or of Dante.

Since we are in the process of retracing our steps, let us face the fact that, in antiquity alone, the number of great didactic poems is disconcertingly large, far larger than it ought to be according to an aesthetics which dismisses the entire species as a contradiction in terms. In writing *On the Nature of Things* Lucretius borrowed 'the sweet voice of song' to explain the reasonable system of Epicurus. The poem taxes our intelligence; it addresses itself firmly to the understanding, but in verses of



such great passion and beauty that our imagination is fully engaged. In the *Georgics*, Virgil teaches the cultivation of the land, with exact precepts addressed to the farmer concerning the best way of planting the vine or of tending crops or bees or cattle. In enjoying the rustic poetry of these instructions, even readers unfamiliar with agriculture and animal husbandry become seized with a passion for the land and willingly participate in the farmer's cares. As for Ovid, that most forbidding of subjects, the Roman calendar, becomes a festive procession in his verses; not to speak of his eminently professional instructions how to be skilful in the art of love. And who can forget that Horace, in speaking of the poet as wishing to be useful as well as to delight, does so in a great poem, and a didactic one at that? If, finally, we remember that from the Renaissance down to the eighteenth century many didactic poems are pleasing, even if few of them are great, we may well wonder whether the estimate is true that within that genre the number of aesthetic failures is unusually large. Is it really true that there are more bad didactic poems than, say, bad poems on love, or bad patriotic or religious hymns? Is it true that in the visual arts the aesthetic failures in portraiture or in landscape painting are rarer than in didactic compositions?

### A Picturesque Superstition

It is certainly *not* true before the nineteenth century. The great religious cycles of the past were almost all didactic, for example the sculptures and the coloured glass of the French cathedrals, or the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, or the tapestries designed by Rubens of the Triumph of the Sacrament. Portions of these cycles are often enjoyed as narratives, but they illustrate doctrine, and the doctrinal point must be learned and understood if the visual phrase is to be spelled out correctly, and the plastic articulation fully mastered. An equal degree of intelligence is needed to design, or understand, the great humanist allegories. If it is asked how so much learning could be absorbed into art, the answer is far from difficult: great artists have always been intellectually quick. The popular belief that musicians cannot think, or that painters have no verbal facility, is a picturesque superstition completely disproved by the evidence of history, both past and present. Anyone reading the letters of Titian, Michelangelo, or Rubens, or perusing the verbal jests which it pleased Leonardo da Vinci or Mozart to invent, must be impressed not only by their literary ease, but by the mixture of learning, wit, and good sense which gives an individual style to their prose; and that has remained true right down to the present day. Not only were Cézanne and Manet well versed in literature, but, if I may speak from my own experience (which I am well aware may be purely accidental), I have never met a significant painter or sculptor who did not speak and think exceedingly well.

Nevertheless, with the approach of the nineteenth century, didactic subjects began to repel the artistic imagination; and the causes of that aversion are clear enough. As art withdrew into itself, and receded toward the margin of life where it could reign as its own master, it began to lose touch with learning, as it lost touch with other forces that shape our experience. Hence it was only the weaker painter, feeling uncertain in his seclusion, or the great painter in a moment of weakness, who accommodated himself to didactic needs. In other words, the Romantic revolt against reason was so effective in art that didactic art became a compromise. As a result, it declined, and for all practical purposes it has vanished altogether—a clear sign that imagination and learning have been driven apart.

### Artists Treated as Intellectual Untouchables

Not that artists are less knowledgeable than they used to be. Quite the contrary, their imagination is easily seized by ideas, but compared to the artists of the past, they are at one great disadvantage. As artists they are obliged to think for themselves, their learning is essentially self-taught, they pick up their ideas wherever they can; but even the best mind is not at its best when it is sealed off from the science of its age. The isolation, which we think of as essential to artistic creation, has been pushed to the point where artists cerebrate far too much, because they are in need of thoughts, and those for whom thinking is the primary business do not supply them. Even in their intellectual lives,

artists are treated as if they were untouchables: their genius must not be disturbed or distracted, and so they are forced to learn by themselves.

It is evident from the writings of the painter Paul Klee that he enjoyed looking at plant sections and all sorts of living or dead tissue through a microscope, and that he was a passionate collector of fossils. In a half-apologetic tone he asks whether these are proper occupations for an artist: microscopy and palaeontology. He excuses himself by saying that they set the artist's imagination in motion. The traces of these forms are indeed unmistakable in some of Klee's fantastical designs. And yet, how strange that none of the biologists who showed Klee any of their microscopic preparations thought of enlisting his sensitive hand to record these structures in the interests of science, instead of letting him wander off to play with them only in fantasies. Klee's sly kind of humour is a precious bloom of Romantic irony: he made the most of being in a marginal position, and never pretended to be anywhere else, carefully avoiding the grand manner. Yet one cannot help observing that a great artistic curiosity for science was here left unused, when it could have both illustrated the precise data of science and drawn new strength from them for imaginative creation.

How curious too, but characteristic, that Picasso, who is a masterful draughtsman of animals, should have turned to Buffon—an eighteenth-century naturalist—for inspiration in an enchanting series of animal sketches. Why to Buffon? Why not to a contemporary naturalist? I am not aware that George Stubbs looked for quaint graces in an outdated style of zoology before painting his splendid pictures of animals. He was passionately up-to-date, like Constable who provided his sketches of clouds with meteorological annotations. But Picasso had good reasons for reverting to Buffon, a text which is no longer science but 'literature': it gave to artistic licence its full range.

### Henry Moore and Geology

The sculptures and drawings of Henry Moore suggest that he is fascinated by geology. One would like to see him in close contact with those who professionally explore volcanic shapes and various types of stratification, but this would probably be thought a sacrilege, because the artist is supposed to engage in research only for the sake of metaphor. It is known, moreover, that Moore has studied, quite on his own, in the celebrated jungle of the British Museum's ethnographic collection. No one could possibly have a better sense than he for displaying these objects to their best advantage. Would a museum ever persuade itself that a great sculptor is the right person to perform such a task? Obviously not, as long as the naïve prejudice prevails that imagination and precision do not go together. But, in fact, precision is one of the ingredients of genius. Most artists would say with Samuel Butler: 'I do not mind lying, but I hate inaccuracy'.

From the past we know that if artistic imagination is harnessed to a precise and well-defined task of instruction it can gain a sharp edge of refinement by responding to the pressure of thought. And what an advantage it would be to a modern naturalist if he could enlist the eye and hand of a great modern draughtsman! Some of the dreariness of scientific illustrations might vanish if they could be returned occasionally to the care of great artists as in the Renaissance. I think, in particular, of Calcar's fantastical illustrations to the *Anatomy* of Vesalius: woodcuts which combine the utmost scientific accuracy with a stylish macabre magnificence, so that the learner receives his instruction in the vivid guise of pictorial figments which, no matter whether they amuse him or repel him, are bound to fascinate him at every step.

We are fortunately beginning, in the study of art, to come alive again to the artistic strength revealed in such remarkable combinations of intellectual precision and pictorial fantasy. Raphael is surely the supreme master of that kind of art. In *The School of Athens* he succeeded in painting what a less intelligent and less sensitive artist might have found to be an utterly unpaintable subject: an abstract philosophical speculation of weird intricacy but rigorous logic. In the philosophical circle to which Raphael belonged, a doctrine was current that any proposition in Plato could be translated into a proposition in Aristotle, provided that one took into account that Plato's language was that of poetic



enthusiasm, whereas Aristotle spoke in terms of rational analysis. Raphael placed the two philosophers, who 'agree in substance while they disagree in words', in a hall dominated by the statues of Apollo and Minerva: the god of poetry and the goddess of reason preside over the thoughts which, concentrated in Plato and Aristotle, are spread out and specified in a succession of sciences: these answer each other in the same discords and concords in which Plato and Aristotle converse. The theory is abstruse, perhaps even absurd, and I may say, from personal acquaintance, that it is a rarefied form of mental torture to study it in Renaissance texts, but in Raphael's figures it acquires a luminosity which overwhelms the spectator for at least three reasons.

First, as a painter Raphael makes us feel the spirit in which that curious doctrine was conceived: dialectic is reduced to visual counterpoint; we suddenly take part in the drama of rethinking the propositions which those figures enact, with and against each other. Secondly, in guiding our eye, the artist focuses our mind, and if any modern philosopher should be so perverse as to take an interest in the Renaissance concordance of Plato and Aristotle, he could learn from Raphael how to find his way through these horribly diffuse speculations. Raphael has produced a visual commentary on them which is of unmatched lucidity.

That, however, is of only historical interest. The third and artistically crucial point is that by following the argument in Raphael's painting we discover visual accents, modulations and correspondences which no one would notice who did not follow the thought. The visual articulation of the painting becomes transparent and reveals itself as infinitely richer than a detached vision, which moves along the figures without grasping their sense, could possibly perceive. The eye focuses differently when it is intellectually guided.

We arrive here at a theory of vision exactly the reverse of that which the youthful Mr. Clive Bell so confidently propounded in 1913. 'The representative element in a work of art', he wrote, 'may or may not be harmful; always it is irrelevant'. As a matter of fact, it is so relevant that whenever we ignore or misunderstand a subject, we are likely to misconstrue the image by putting the accents in the wrong places. Our eye sees as our mind reads. A large anthology could be compiled of visual errors committed by critics who thought that the right way to look at paintings is to disregard the representative element in them. Misunderstanding of factual detail can cause the whole tonality of a painting to shift, as we know, for example, from Bellini's 'Feast of the Gods', which is not a solemn but a facetious painting, or from the famous Botticellesque painting mistakenly called 'La Derelitta', which does not represent a weeping woman shut out from a house, but the grave biblical figure of Mordecai (from the Book of Esther), dressed in sackcloth and mourning before the King's gate.

It has been said that while such rediscoveries of the exact subject of a painting are historically interesting, they do not affect our aesthetic judgment. These pictures were always regarded as great; our response was not diminished by our ignorance. That is not entirely the case. Great works of art, we must remember, are as tough as they are fragile. Even if we look rather loosely, or even confusedly, at 'The School of Athens', the force of Raphael's diction somehow comes through, just as the force of Shakespeare is not completely obliterated in an eighteenth-century version. Many of Shakespeare's lines are flattened out, some of his images become dim and thin, horrifying scenes are timidly omitted, scenes



'The School of Athens', by Raphael: from the Vatican, Rome

which he never wrote are tactlessly introduced to calm the sensibilities of an eighteenth-century audience, and yet Shakespeare's greatness still makes itself felt; just as certain melodies by Mozart, when they are vulgarized in folksongs or drinking songs, retain an echo of his spirit although all the subtle articulation has vanished. Inadvertently we trivialize the works of art of the past when we take them at their face value.

We should therefore not underestimate the degree to which our aesthetic perception is quickened by knowledge. But while pleading for a mode of vision which rests the sense of form on the sense of meaning, we must remember that what quickens our vision can also clog it. The fashion of so-called 'iconography' at this moment has produced many cumbersome interpretations, according to a pattern which Professor C. S. Lewis has so well characterized in literary studies. 'It is impossible', he says, 'for the wit of man to devise a story which the wit of some other man cannot allegorize'. There is one—and only one—test for the artistic relevance of an interpretation: it must heighten our perception of the object and thereby increase our aesthetic delight. If the object looks just as it looked before, except that a burdensome superstructure has been added, the interpretation is aesthetically useless, whatever historical or other merits it may have.

We thus come back to the fact that ideas in art can quicken as well as clog the imagination. But that does not justify our fear of knowledge. The pressure of thought on art is vital. Perhaps we should remember the fable of the philosophic dove: the bird found that the air resisted its flight, and decided that it would fly better if there were no air.

Some years ago an editorial in the *Burlington Magazine* expressed some impatience with learning in art. The writer suggested that a high degree of literacy would seem to be unnecessary to an artist since very great art was produced by people who did not even have an alphabet. It is true that people without an alphabet have produced great art; but it is equally true that great art was produced, for people who did have an alphabet, by artists of the highest degree of literacy, and this fact seems to have more relevance to ourselves, because it so happens that we live with an alphabet, and not without one. We cannot solve our problems, even in art, by pretending that we can act as primitives. The gate to that old paradise is shut (assuming that it ever was a paradise). We must look for a new gate at the other end.

—Home Service



# Sources of Art in the Twentieth Century

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER on the exhibition in Paris organized by the Council of Europe

**B**EFORE holding its exhibition on the Romantic Movement in London the Council of Europe had staged Mannerism at Amsterdam, the seventeenth century in Rome, and the Rococo in Munich. The titles show that these exhibitions were meant to show that styles are something valid in all countries and that a style can be defined and demonstrated. In Mannerism this demonstration of unity in variety worked well; in the Rococo it could have worked well, if contributor nations had confined themselves to sending what in their own opinion was Rococo within their eighteenth-century art. Even in the Romantic Movement it might have been possible, if organization and display had faced the problem.

This time, one might at first think, unity in variety ought to have been especially easy to achieve, as the exhibition\* is not primarily called 'The Arts from 1884 to 1914' (which is its sub-title), but 'The Sources of the Twentieth Century'. So a principle of selection was prescribed, could have been followed, and was largely followed. Yet there is in fact in one important respect less unity in the Paris exhibition than ever before. It is composed of about 80 per cent. paintings and works of sculpture and 20 per cent. works of the crafts and photographs of architecture. These two main divisions are kept separate in space—and who would have wanted to see Cézanne's pictures divided by a Victorian or an Art Nouveau grandfather clock? But there you are! Why should one instinctively revolt against even suggesting close parallels between the fine arts and what we might call the useful arts at that particular moment in history?

Clearly, it must be my job here not only to tell you what you will see if you have a chance of visiting the exhibition, but also to consider whether there really is that cleavage or whether one has not rather neglected to look for parallels. So our first question must be: How did painting and sculpture develop from 1884, the year of the first Salon des Indépendants, to 1914, the year at which for less good reasons the exhibition ends? The logic of development is indeed at once convincing. The procession Seurat-Cézanne-Van Gogh-Gauguin files past, followed by Munch—perhaps the finest individual representation—and then by Ensor and the two memorable Swedish madmen Josephson and Hill, and so to the Fauves and the Brücke, the Cubists, the Futurists, and the Blaue Reiter; and, at the end (less impressively displayed), the pioneers of geometrical abstraction, Mondrian and the little-known, strikingly prophetic Kupka.

Not right at the end, as a matter of fact; for the end is an interestingly set out but decidedly confusing Architecture Room. The grid of Chicago skyscrapers can perhaps just be seen as a formal parallel to geometrical abstraction in painting, but the skyscrapers antedate it by twenty years; and what would stylistically correspond in painting to a house by Voysey, what to Antoni

Gaudí's gloriously crazy *Colonia Güell*? This and much else would have needed elucidation, and we do not get it.

Yet the exhibition sets this theme of cross-elucidation of architecture and the fine arts at the very entrance. Only, it is too soon forgotten. You come in through one of the entrance arches of a Métro station, all of florid sinuous Art Nouveau iron, and find

yourself with Rodin's magnificent Balzac Monument on the right, in front of a photograph of the Eiffel Tower under construction, and with a vista ahead focused first on Seurat's sophisticatedly childish 'Le Cirque', and then on Cézanne's boldly geometrical 'Bathers' from the Pélerin Collection. The Métro stations are of 1900, the Balzac is of 1898, the Eiffel Tower of 1889, the 'Cirque' of 1890, and the 'Bathers' were begun in 1900. What a job to tidy up these first twelve years! And the job becomes harder on the lower floor, where there are, alongside more rooms of paintings, two large rooms of crafts and design, furniture, pottery, glass, silverware, jewellery, textiles, etc. Crafts and design are more my field than paintings, so I felt the itch to tidy up here particularly. Shall we see what we can do?

In painting there were clearly two breaks in the thirty years under consideration. The first happened in 1884-88 (or in Cézanne even earlier—but let that stand), the second about 1906-10. The first is represented—apart from Cézanne—by Gauguin and Van Gogh, by Seurat and Rousseau, and further east in Europe by Munch in Norway, Toorop in Holland (a gap, alas, in the exhibition), and by Hodler in Switzerland. If you add up what the work of all these has in common, it is a return to elementary form and content, to the child and the native, and also a new emphasis on what is meaningful, significant, symbolic. The second break, that of 1906-10—i.e.,

the break made by the Fauves and the Cubists and by Kandinsky—is, to summarize very crudely, a universal form-smashing. All this is clear enough in painting.

But in the crafts and architecture? There the situation was this. Victorian stodginess, pompous statements, meretricious materials and techniques went on throughout the century and beyond 1900, as indeed they did in official painting. The first vigorous reaction came in England, with William Morris in design, with Webb and Norman Shaw in architecture. But their initial impetus belongs to the 'sixties and 'seventies. That is why Morris could not be included in the exhibition. Then, out of suggestions in Blake, in the Pre-Raphaelites and in Morris, some of Morris's followers created Art Nouveau, as a style of sinuous, vegetable or abstract curves, wholly original and purely decorative. But others heeded Morris's social teaching and worked towards what can only be called functional design. In England the concern with functional and social matters soon controlled the decorative urge. On the Continent it was different. Art Nouveau, strongly influenced by England, started after 1890, but soon proved the club to beat



Armchair (white enamelled wood with stencilled canvas back) designed by Charles Rennie Mackintosh, c. 1902  
Lent by the University of Glasgow



Victorianism with, and Art Nouveau was in almost complete possession of the field for ten years at least. Then a second wave of influence came from England shortly after 1900. Now it was the anti-Art Nouveau which made converts, and so the style of the twentieth century could be established. I said it came from England, but that is not correct. I should say from Britain; because Charles Rennie Mackintosh, being a Scotsman and a Celt, created a synthesis of Art Nouveau and anti-Art Nouveau which was the most inspiring of British exports.

So that is the situation in the useful arts—one break long before 1884, the second about 1900-1905; i.e., both before the corresponding breaks in the fine arts. And do they correspond, anyway? That was my question, and one has to inspect the display of the crafts and architecture in Paris very carefully to risk an answer. Of the two large rooms, one is entirely given over to the British display, the second to all others. This proportion, a just one, I believe, is due to excellent staff work by the British Council, that much envied organization which is never appreciated enough at home. From the beginning they made it clear that Britain, being of little importance in painting and sculpture during the years in question, would not send more than a few Steers and Sickerts and then a few Vorticists, and of course Epstein's really powerful 'Rock Drill'—his best work, I still believe. But, it was added, there would be need for a lot of space for crafts and design, because Britain was undoubtedly the leading country in craft before 1900, as it was in architecture too.

The strategy worked, a special display was designed by Nigel



'Girl in Bed', by Vuillard, c. 1891

Walters, special photographs were taken, and so on. The result is that British design appears consistent and with an unmistakable message. The room is light, the furniture is light, the forms are sensible, verticals and horizontals dominate over curves, colours are subtle and clear—in short, these are clearly *Les Sources du Vingtième Siècle* and at the same time as clearly the continuation of age-old sensible and subtle English domestic traditions. The forward-pointing qualities struck many visitors immediately, the backward-pointing ones struck at least one sensitive and expert visitor, André Malraux, the Minister who opened the exhibition and who talked to me almost with envy about this unbroken tradition. It was good to see that he was impressed; and it was a handsome compliment—I should say—largely to Elizabeth Aslin, who did so much in selecting and obtaining pieces.

After the British room, the Continental strikes one as oddly murky—a darkish room anyway, but also with pieces in dark colours, in laboured contortions of curves, and on the whole looking rather like a dentist's waiting room in need of re-furnishing—and this in spite of a number of outstandingly interesting and aesthetically rewarding individual pieces—Gaudi's furniture, for example, Van de Velde's sweeping desk, Richard Riemerschmid's furniture, some amazingly beautiful and entirely un-Victorian glass vases of before 1890 by Gallé, and so on.

Yet all this in the exhibition remains something of an effort to find and to appreciate. Mackintosh instead is a sheer joy, with the exquisite contrast between his mother-of-pearl, silver, pink, lilac shades and the severe precision of his verticals and horizontals.

From the baffling Continental *arts décoratifs* and the convincing British Arts and Crafts one moves to the painters, on one side the Nabis, i.e. Bonnard, Vuillard, and so on; on the other the earliest Picasso. Does the juxtaposition make sense? As a matter of fact it does, and strangely enough much more with the British than with the Continentals. Consider a picture like Vuillard's mysterious 'Girl in Bed' of 1891, with the deftly geometricized bed-clothes and the large capital letter T just above her head—who would know why?—or consider the curves and the colours of Picasso's 'Le Pauvre'. They have a sense of attenuated curves and sudden hardnesses which works with Art Nouveau, and Munch really is Art Nouveau—that has been known ever since the late Ernst Michalski saw it and said it thirty-five years ago. But the public at large does not know it yet, and the exhibition does not stress it specially. Yet how splendidly they could, for instance, have stressed Gauguin's very



Frontispiece, by A. H. Mackmurdo, for Wren's City Churches, 1883



early contribution to the creation of Art Nouveau in 1888-90, in his paintings, and also in his wood-carvings, and the contribution to the crafts of his circle of followers—Emile Bernard, Maurice Denis, and Willumsen! That opportunity was missed.

As it is, there is therefore only one inventor of Art Nouveau in the show: Mackmurdo, whose title-page to his book on Wren's City Churches is of 1883 and purest Art Nouveau. It is as phenomenal as Mackintosh's synthesis of Art Nouveau and anti-Art Nouveau later.

So much, then, for the situation before the second break took place in painting—the break which produced Cubism, Expressionism, and Abstract Art. The question is, if that, with some clever manipulation, could also have been backed by architecture and furnishings? My conviction is that it could not; and I will try to explain why.

There has for the last 300 years at least been welcome art and unwelcome art. Carle van Loo in eighteenth-century France was more welcome than Chardin. Blake was unwelcome, Courbet was unwelcome, Millet was unwelcome, Renoir was unwelcome, and so on. However, they could all go on painting in their studios, provided they were ready to starve. But architecture and the making of furniture or jewellery cannot go on like that. If there is no client or customer, they do not take place. Hence revolutions in the useful arts tend to be less ruthless than revolutions in the fine arts, and parallels between the two are rarely as close as they were during the moment of Art Nouveau when the rediscovery of decorative criteria propelled the painters, and the rediscovery of symbolism the decorators.

So the Fauves and Picasso, Braque, and Kandinsky are not matched in architecture, and only very rarely in the crafts. The amazing earthenware plates by Bindesbøll are one exception. Gaudí's architecture is the other and greater, but there the dates do not tally with those of the painters. This is perhaps the greatest enigma of all. Gaudí's wavy plans and Gaudí's details made up of broken cups and saucers and broken tiles are surely part and parcel of the second break at its most ruthless. But they belong to before and just after 1900, that is they are earlier than the revolt in painting, even if only by a few years. Again, one may say that Expressionism in German architecture corresponds formally and intentionally to the Brücke, but the dates

once more do not work; although this time architecture comes twelve or fifteen years after painting.

If one now at last thinks of what really mattered most in architecture and design between 1900 and 1914, there is no link at all. The architecture of Perret and Garnier, Loos and Hoffmann, Behrens and Gropius is characterized by a keen awareness of simplicity, clarity, cubic precision, and at the same time of technological progress and social responsibilities. Again the concept of design as established by the Deutscher Werkbund from 1907 onwards is one of everyday products, crisp and simple and made by machines. The exhibition unfortunately disregards this great break in the useful arts. There is a token bit of mass-produced glass by Riemerschmid; but there is none of his machine-made furniture, nothing of the products of the A.E.G. designed by Behrens, and the architecture is arranged in such a way that the Early Modern Movement is played down.

Yet the change from craft to industrial design and from the English Arts and Crafts and Continental Art Nouveau to the true style of the twentieth century is the great event in the visual arts of the early twentieth century. And to this there is no parallel at all in painting and sculpture. Of course you can say that the Italian Futurists also believed in machines or at least worshipped them, and that Mondrian believed in clear cubic forms. But surely that is not enough.

The fact remains then—a memorable fact pressed home by the exhibition, perhaps even against its own wish—that architecture and design of 1900 to 1930 went their own way, and painting and sculpture another: architecture and design to social service and to forms if not dictated by function at least never in conflict with function; painting and sculpture to ever greater solitude. It is a disturbing lesson but one that must be learnt.

Rumour has it that the Council of Europe exhibitions, now that they have reached the twentieth century, will jump right back in time and deal next time with the Romanesque style. This should be nice and easy. There will not be any works of art or architecture, of major or minor art, which will not go perfectly with each other. Which goes to show that our worry in Paris may well be simply the unavoidable result of a growing differentiation of culture and that by the late nineteenth century it had reached breaking-point.—'Comment' (Third Programme)

## Imagination in Art and Science

By SIR CYRIL HINSHELWOOD, O.M., retiring President of the Royal Society

*The following talk, which was broadcast in the Home Service, is based on part of an address given in September to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. The full text will be published next year in vol. 103 of the 'Memoirs and Proceedings' of the Society*

**W**E are not infrequently told that an all-important distinction resides in the fact that the sciences are about things while the arts are about people. The one group is therefore called 'humane'; the other group is by implication not humane, and, language being full of insidious traps, a suggestion of actual inhumanity is easily conveyed. This, of course, has been very convenient for certain educational vested interests who until recently have quite understandably wanted to retain all the top jobs, which usually involve the control of other people, for the products of their own systems, on the pretext that the non-humanely trained scientist cannot possibly understand men.

I think it is really quite dangerous nonsense to say that anyone can learn to understand life from literature. There is no way to understand life except by living. Someone who has never been in love will not learn much about it by reading *Romeo and Juliet*. Literature holds the mirror up to life. The image will, however, be recognizable only by someone who has already had some experience, for to the completely uninitiated the literary description will convey almost as little as the account of a

chemical experiment will convey to a person who has never seen anything like the substances or the phenomena in question.

Literature describes: great literature does so in a way which somehow universalizes, rather as scientific theories generalize facts into hypotheses. But I do not believe that you can recognize the facts as facts, still less appreciate the generalizations about them, without experience of your own. Literature, I would say, therefore does not teach you to understand life, but rather life teaches you to understand literature.

In *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* Marcel Proust describes (or rather reveals to those who have eyes to see) how as a man grows older the perspective changes, and how many things which once appeared glamorous and unattainable become commonplace or even squalid in the altered aspect. I read this great work twice at a distance of thirty years. What I read the first time in no way prepared me for what I was presently to find out for myself. But my own accumulated experience gradually educated me in the interval to appreciate at the later reading the brilliance of Proust's universalizing revelations.

Literature, then, I would say, assembles the realities of human existence, which can be recognized as such only by experience, and it presents them so as to reveal something deeper and to create something more permanent than the passing contingencies. Is this so very different from what is done in science?

The role of imagination in science is often misunderstood. It



is quite a fallacy to suppose that science proceeds solely by logical steps. Logic indeed is necessary but it is far from sufficient. The working of imagination in literature is obvious enough. The people and events are usually not real; the writer uses his imagination to create something which produces the effect of reality. The man of science has to do as much and, in a sense, more. He is confronted with a confused tangle of facts, and in these he has, first of all, to discern some sort of pattern that seems to have significance. Then, by what is virtually an act of creation, he conceives a hypothesis to account for the pattern he has picked out. Subsequently the hypothesis is subjected to test, and the devising of the tests themselves may call for the exercise of a great deal of imagination. The demand on the imaginative faculty is made even at low levels. Anyone familiar with the first elements of the calculus will realize that the process of finding an integral can be performed only by conceiving a function which after differentiation yields the function presented in the problem. No mechanical rules exist for the key step in the operation.

### A False Distinction

A distinction might perhaps be suggested between those fields where aesthetic criteria are important and those where they are not. This would be false. In poetry and in the fine arts the role of the aesthetic element is usually, though not, it sometimes seems, always, obvious. In science and mathematics that role is less commonly recognized but it is equally important. Henri Poincaré, one of the greatest mathematicians of all time, has given an account of his own processes of mathematical discovery. He describes three stages: first a period of fruitless labour as a result of which the elements of the problem are set whirling around, as it were, in his unconscious; then a long latent period, during which, as he says, innumerable combinations are tried until the right one is found for the solution of his problem. Then comes the third stage when the ready-made solution seemed to flash with a sudden illumination into his consciousness. To translate Poincaré's own description into a modern idiom, something had programmed the computer in his brain to print out the answer when a certain condition had been fulfilled. He is absolutely definite in his testimony that this condition was for him the beauty, elegance, and harmony of the combination presented.

We might try to draw a distinction between the natural sciences and some of the arts in terms of objectivity. To examine this thesis a little more closely let us compare one of the natural sciences with the art of painting. The painter gives a view of reality. What he places on the canvas corresponds in some measure to what is present in the world, but the artist presents that world to us as he sees it himself and, what is more, as he invites us to see it with him. It is an individual vision, and is expected to be so. 'Photographic' applied to painting is, in general, a pejorative term suggesting that the individual vision is weak or lacking. Whether he paints a landscape, a still life, or a portrait, the good artist usually shows us something we have never seen before: often indeed something that permanently affects the way we look at things. Not long ago, I had occasion to become specially interested in the work of one of our greatest portrait painters, and I think that since then people in general have never looked quite the same to me, for I have continued to see them in some degree through the painter's eyes.

### The Ordering of Facts into Patterns

The layman, I am sure, would usually class the scientist with the photographer or the architect's draughtsman rather than with the artist. Yet here he is profoundly mistaken. Science is not the simple enumeration of the facts of nature. If it were, it would present a meaningless jumble of detail. It is the ordering of these facts into patterns which are felt to be significant and satisfying. And when the pattern is formed it must be interpreted and explained. But what is explanation? The recognition and registration of facts must indeed be objective and impartial. So also must the portrait painter place the nose and eyes of his subject in the right place. But at each further stage a strongly personal element enters. Which patterns are interesting and significant

is a matter of subjective judgment. What constitutes a satisfying explanation is even more subjective.

Large tracts of physics and chemistry can be co-ordinated and interestingly discussed in terms of mechanical models, in which atoms and molecules are represented by objects like billiard balls joined together with rods or springs, hurtling around and bouncing about in a way simple to visualize. Useful results can be predicted with the aid of these systems. Yet they were soon found to have severe limitations, even as the Dutch school of painting failed to do justice to all the richness of the sensory world. The mechanical models, for new purposes, are replaced by highly abstract systems of equations which take account of much more of the detail of nature. Everyone admits that the present-day mathematical symbolisms are powerful tools, both for co-ordination and prediction. But opinions, or perhaps it would be better to say feelings, differ greatly about the extent of the satisfaction which they afford to the mind. It is not relevant, in such matters, even if it were possible, to discuss who is right and who is wrong. What I want to emphasize is that the acceptance or non-acceptance of a physical principle as a fundamental law of nature must in the end rest largely upon an aesthetic judgment.

Some men of science adopt what appears to be a somewhat utilitarian or indeed puritanical attitude, and claim not to care about the aesthetic form of the principles so long as phenomena can be predicted and results delivered. I doubt whether they can really mean this, since it implies that they would be willing to give up the investigation of scientific laws altogether if the numerical answers to all possible questions were tabulated in a sort of vast scientific telephone directory. Whether they are prepared to use the term or not, I believe that all scientists are swayed at some stage or other by considerations which are essentially aesthetic in nature.

### Knowledge and Beauty

Curiosity and the excitement of discovery are powerful emotions and we may well ask whether they operate differently or to different degrees in the arts and in the sciences. The complaint has sometimes been heard that analysis and understanding destroy beauty and drive away romance. Some people speak as though they feared that the study of botany would kill delight in gardens or that the knowledge of astronomy would dim the splendour of the heavens. Shakespeare's floral fantasies in *The Winter's Tale* are moving indeed: so too is Marlowe's

evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars . . .

and the ancient legends recalled by the names of the constellations still have power to charm. Yet it is surely the weakest kind of sentimentality to make enjoyment of poetic images dependent upon some desperate determination to accept them literally or to shun all other knowledge. How can the charm of Shakespeare's imagery either hurt or take hurt from the comprehension of the miraculous and fantastic events which led to the origin of life on Earth? Do we really find the stars less splendid if we understand or wonder about the almost incredible nuclear processes by which their energy is generated, or the more than epic history of their evolution?

In any event, poets and artists in general are far from incurious, far from neglecting analysis or methods which may be termed scientific. Many painters, consciously or unconsciously, are very much concerned with analyzing what they see: and the means by which they have presented it have often ranked as major scientific discoveries. Philosophy is at least as analytical as science, and some philosophers are just as curious about the world as their scientific colleagues.

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The thirteenth annual *Shakespeare Survey* (Cambridge, 27s. 6d.), has been edited by Allardyce Nicoll and issued under the joint sponsorship of the Universities of Manchester and Birmingham, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust. *King Lear*, on which there are nine papers, provides the main theme. There are also international notes, a list of Shakespeare productions in the United Kingdom in 1958, reviews of recent productions and of the year's textual and critical studies.



## Face to Face

## Victor Gollancz on his Life and Faith

An interview with JOHN FREEMAN in B.B.C. television

**John Freeman:** Mr. Gollancz, you are known to the world as a Jew, as a sort of Christian, as a sort of socialist, and as a rich, at any rate a highly successful, publisher. I want to ask you, first of all, about being a Jew. To what extent do you nowadays practise the observances of the Jewish religion?

**Victor Gollancz:** I don't practise any of the more obvious observances. I do practise certain things in the old traditional Judaism which I think very beautiful; for instance, giving thanks on eating the first fruit you particularly like in the year. I had a little ceremony when I went into a house in the country of consecrating the house and giving thanks for still being alive, and so on. When I enter a prison I say the old Jewish blessing 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who looseneth the bound'. I have also, up in my house, a thing called a *mezuzah* which is a little silver object with the first letter of the name of God appearing through the silver—the idea being that every house is a consecrated place. I like to keep up these things which seem to me good, reminding one that all life is holy; but the actual keeping the Sabbath, or anything of that kind, I have nothing to do with.

**Freeman:** You never visit synagogues?

**Gollancz:** No, I haven't been in a synagogue since I married in 1919.

**Freeman:** Would you say that being a Jew, in your feeling, is a matter of practice—the kind of things you do—or do you regard it as a matter of descent and of family tradition?

## A Way of Looking at Things

**Gollancz:** I think it has always been impossible to define what a Jew means. For me, I suppose, it means that while a great deal in traditional Judaism is not only unsympathetic but even perhaps rather obnoxious to me, there is a certain kind of way of looking at things that one derives from a traditional Jewish background; in particular this idea that there is no real division between the holy and the unholy, between the sacred and the profane, but that all life is in some sense sacred. I would say that that is a certain way of looking at things which I derive from my Jewish background.

**Freeman:** So that you would recognize for yourself some sort of private identity with other Jews which is denied, let us say, to me, and which is not merely a matter of attending synagogue together?

**Gollancz:** Yes, I would say that is so, yes. In that sense I would say I am a bit of a Jew—a very bad Jew, my late father would have said, but still a bit of a Jew.

**Freeman:** I wonder how much you publicly identify: do you, for instance, rather self-consciously support Jewish charities?

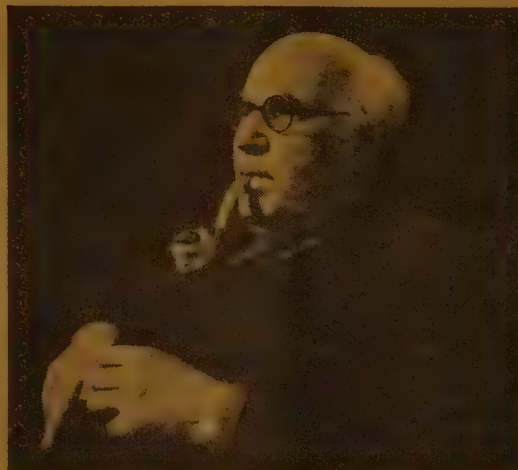
**Gollancz:** No, I rather self-consciously don't support Jewish charities because there are so many rich Jews who do so, and I'm not rich, in spite of what you said; but I like supporting the rather out-of-the-way things, the things nobody else supports, much the same way as I always advertise my books on the Sunday in Christmas week, when no one else advertises.

**Freeman:** When you are totally relaxed and off duty and sitting in your home, do you prefer the company of other Jews or are you not conscious at all of whether people are Jews or not?

**Gollancz:** I am not really conscious. I might like to have one special Jew present if he could tell me any new Jewish stories, but otherwise I have no feelings of any kind about race or nationality. The more people are mixed, the better.

**Freeman:** That isn't, of course, quite true, because you have just been admitting and describing a certain racial distinction that you yourself find in being a Jew.

**Gollancz:** Yes, but that is a sort of flavour which I happen to have. I equally appreciate most other flavours, too: a special flavour about a Frenchman, and so on.



Mr. Victor Gollancz as seen during the interview

**Freeman:** Do you think that British Jews ought to try to assimilate completely? Or do you even think they've done so?

**Gollancz:** They have not done so. I believe in complete assimilation. Although, of course, people sometimes think it a paradox when I say that, because this particular flavour

that I have spoken of would vanish. But I would sooner that vanished than that separatism remained.

**Freeman:** Are you conscious at all of being a member of a minority group in British society as it is constituted today?

**Gollancz:** No, it doesn't obtrude itself on me in any kind of way.

**Freeman:** You probably have less of a chip on your shoulder than almost any other man living, but would you think it not unreasonable that many Jews do feel consciously a member of a minority and a slightly oppressed group?

**Gollancz:** Yes, I think that is quite natural.

**Freeman:** Did you feel that, for instance, in your childhood at school?

**Gollancz:** No, not at all, because I was at St. Paul's, and there was a large percentage of Jews at St. Paul's and all sorts of special arrangements were made for them. I felt something quite different: that the Gentile boys could do things that I couldn't; I felt no sense of inferiority and no sense of superiority, but I did feel that they were free in some ways in which I was not free.

**Freeman:** But you never had this agony which some Jewish boys have of being half persecuted at school?

**Gollancz:** Oh dear me, no! I wasn't in the least persecuted.

## Revolt from Orthodoxy

**Freeman:** Could we talk about your childhood for a bit? Because it is a very marked contrast with the liberal profession that you follow today, I think. You were brought up in a very orthodox home from which you fairly early began to revolt?

**Gollancz:** Very early.

**Freeman:** When were you first conscious of that revolt?

**Gollancz:** I was very precocious—I suppose at about six or seven.

**Freeman:** What was it that you found oppressive, particularly?

**Gollancz:** All the business about not riding on the Sabbath, which seemed to me absolutely idiotic. The dietary laws were so compulsive that I still willy-nilly cling to a great number of them, even today—I found those stupid. I very early found the absolutely rigid fast on the Day of Atonement offensive. I suppose it was at an early age that I came to the conclusion that what was important on the Day of Atonement was not to fast, not to abstain from drinking—to the extent, in my father's case, of not even cleaning one's teeth—but to repent. This kind of thing was the



sort of revolt I think St. Paul had, the clash between the letter and the spirit.

**Freeman:** St. Paul, of course, was a bit older than six when he had it. I wonder if you can recall what set this off, because it really is very precocious at the age of six?

**Gollancz:** Looking back I should have thought it might have been the lighting of fire on the Sabbath. I seem to remember that it was very cold one winter and there was a fire which had not been lit and I wanted to put a match to it. My father said: 'You can't light fire on the Sabbath'. I am inclined to think that this was the first occasion on which the sheer irrationality of the thing occurred to me, that you *can't* do a thing.

**Freeman:** Do you have any memory of resentment or clashing with your father on some issue of that kind which is still traumatic today when you look back on it?

**Gollancz:** No, no particular one.

**Freeman:** You can't identify anything as being the source of some irrational taboo which you still hold?

**Gollancz:** No, it wasn't a clash in that kind of way. But no Gentile, I think, could possibly understand how compulsive taboos, like the food taboos, are. I remember, for instance, saying to my father once: 'Do you think it more wicked to commit a murder than to eat pork?' And I remember my father answering: 'Of course it's morally worse to commit a murder, but the difference is this—I could commit a murder, and I couldn't conceivably eat pork'. That, I think, explains the force of the taboo, and that, in fact, has persisted in me, because although I am completely emancipated in all those ways, and although I can even rather enjoy very crisp bacon, all other forbidden food, such as pork, or loathsome things like oysters and shellfish and so on, I cannot possibly touch.

**Freeman:** Tell me something about your father. Was he a very dominant character?

**Gollancz:** No. He was an obstinate man. Looking back on him I think he was a very lovable man, although I didn't greatly love him at the time. He was an immensely honourable man, worked frightfully hard for his family. He called himself a wholesale jeweller. I think really he was what one might nowadays call a middleman in jewellery, between the retailer and the wholesalers. He was a man of considerable charm, quite gentle but immensely intolerant. The suggestion, for instance that we could break any of these Jewish taboos would have been absolutely horrible to him. I, as a precocious boy, began reading what were then the very modern authors, such as Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and I can hear my father say: 'That boy with his Ibsen and his Maeterlinck, he'll come to no good'.

**Freeman:** One always thinks that the absolute basis of Jewish family life is deep respect for the father and mother. You obviously felt some respect, but could you define your attitude a little more closely—were you afraid of him at all?

**Gollancz:** No, not in the least afraid. I had a sort of intellectual passion against him—I think that's the way to put it. I had intellectual passion very early in life indeed. I had a great intellectual revolt against the anti-feminist treatment of my sisters; and I even remember having an intellectual passion against my father's reading of the *Daily Telegraph*, and in revenge I took the *News Chronicle*—the *Daily News* it was in those days.

**Freeman:** A good many Jews are probably made into radicals and rebels by the pressures of Gentile society outside, but it is

clear that you were turned into a rebel by the pressures of your own orthodox family?

**Gollancz:** Yes, entirely.

**Freeman:** I would like now to follow some of the main streams of rebellion that you have engaged in. Christianity, to begin with, which you have been interested in since—when?

**Gollancz:** I suppose since about the age of eleven or twelve when I first read the New Testament.

**Freeman:** What was the particular—what shall I say?—fish-hook which engaged your attention?

**Gollancz:** The Sermon on the Mount.

**Freeman:** Did the Sermon on the Mount catch your imagination with talk about poverty and mercy and so on, or was it an intellectual conviction that people ought to live in this way?

**Gollancz:** I should have thought the first rather than the second. I definitely said: 'This is right—not what my father said, but this is right'.

**Freeman:** How did you get hold of the Sermon on the Mount?

**Gollancz:** I can't remember. Perhaps when I went to St. Paul's when I was about twelve.

**Freeman:** There wouldn't have been a New Testament in Elgin Avenue?

**Gollancz:** Oh dear me, no! The New Testament for my father would definitely have been wicked; though by that curious paradox which you often find in Jews, I think if anybody had told him that Christ was a great man—and Christ, after all, was a Jew—he would have been rather glad, and proud, too. I think his phrase would have been: 'Very nice'.

**Freeman:** You have

always seen Christianity as being a kind of logical extension of Judaism?

**Gollancz:** Always.

**Freeman:** Are you particularly happy with the mystical nature of the Christian Communion and the Trinity, and so on. Does that make a psychological appeal to you?

**Gollancz:** I wouldn't say that the mystical conception of the Trinity makes an appeal to me. Curiously enough, the Trinity makes rather an intellectual appeal to me. I think it's quite a good philosophical scheme.

**Freeman:** A sort of acrostic?

**Gollancz:** Yes, exactly; an acrostic. But generally the genuinely mystical tradition is the same in all religions. The Jewish mysticism you find in the Kabala and the Zohar, the tradition you find in the great Christian mystics, in the Mohammedan, it is all identical, and I am very sympathetic with it, because I feel a good deal of it myself.

**Freeman:** Have you found it possible, out of this strict Jewish background, to accept the notion of the Divinity of Jesus Christ? Do you believe that?

**Gollancz:** I don't think I can give the sort of short answer that you would find satisfactory. But I once expressed it in this way; that there is the Absolute and there are the Particulars—in Platonic language. There is the Absolute Good, and there are the Particular Goods. I think of Christ as the Supreme Particular.

**Freeman:** Why have you never quite been able to accept conversion to the Christian Faith? At one time you nearly did?

**Gollancz:** I think largely because, having escaped from one Church, I didn't want to get into another. I'm a great anti-institutionalist.

**Freeman:** But you consciously live by Christian ethics now?

**Gollancz:** That's putting it rather too high! Let us say that when I remember to, I try to.

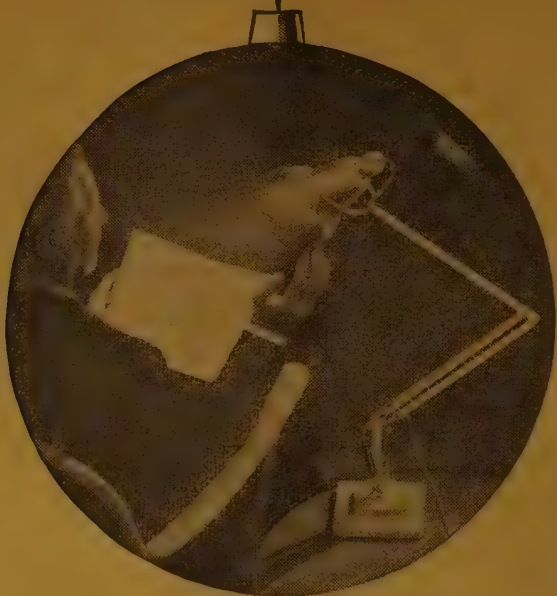


John Freeman and Victor Gollancz in the television studio





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**Freeman:** Why do you prefer them to Jewish ethics?

**Gollancz:** Because of the basic conception of loving your enemies. Forgiving your enemies was a possibility in remote Old Testament times and in prophetic Judaism; but to love your enemies is something completely new, and I think it is the whole secret of life. It takes morality into a new dimension. And that is an idea in which Christianity has taken a leap from Judaism.

**Freeman:** I want to ask you, precisely following on that, about the next stream of your rebellion, which is pacifism—at any rate the rejection of violence. When did you first begin to think of war as being the great evil?

**Gollancz:** I think it was on my sixth birthday, but it may have been my seventh birthday. My parents had a very comfortable house in Elgin Avenue with a drawing room, and it had what were then called occasional tables. My father always, although he was a considerable reader of classics, actually bought only two modern books a year: one was the novel of the moment, which he never read but always bought, just as he always went to the Royal Academy, and the other was any other book which had created a great stir. There was one book on this occasional table called *Sixty Years a Queen*—he was a great patriot, my father. It was a huge sort of double-quarto volume in immensely thick blue binding, the sort of thing which nowadays would cost about seven guineas. I happened to open it one day at two facing pages with pictures, I suppose reproductions of drawings—one of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava and the other the Charge of the Heavy Brigade. I don't know now the difference between the Light Brigade and the Heavy Brigade but one picture was some sort of cavalry charge, and a man was about to slash the head off another man. This produced in me a feeling of intense and appalling horror. I sensed myself having my head slashed off, and I thought if this is war, then war is a most appalling evil; we must get rid of it.

### Identification with Suffering

**Freeman:** It's astonishing that you could identify that much at the age of seven years. Have you always identified with suffering?

**Gollancz:** Yes, always.

**Freeman:** Is this the basis now for your feelings, for instance, about capital punishment?

**Gollancz:** Yes, entirely the basis. I do, in fact, agree with all the logical reasons against capital punishment, too; I don't believe it's a deterrent. But it is simply that I enter into the feelings of the man who is condemned, I think of him waiting during those three weeks, I think of him on the last night, and I think that for any human being, or any state, to inflict this agony on other human beings is unspeakably evil.

**Freeman:** Did you always hate all kinds of violence against the person? What about boxing, and even rugby football and so on, at school? And corporal punishment?

**Gollancz:** Corporal punishment I have always detested, as a combination of beastliness and cruelty. No, I think I wouldn't feel anything wrong about rugby football.

**Freeman:** When you decided after the first war, and after a period of schoolmastering, to go into publishing, was the notion really that you would have a greater opportunity to express your views?

**Gollancz:** Yes, entirely.

**Freeman:** And, of course, much of your publishing has been identified with political pamphleteering; but also you have been a prosperous commercial publisher as well: Daphne du Maurier, *Journey's End*, Kingsley Amis, Dorothy Sayers. You like business, don't you?

**Gollancz:** I hate the business side of business: bargaining with authors, bargaining with agents, all that kind of business, I detest. The reason why, when I went into publishing, I decided to cast my net wide and publish best-sellers if I possibly could was because I don't believe in running propaganda on a shoestring. If you want to do good through publishing, because you want to publish certain things, I believe in having the resources to do so, and I don't believe in being very austere about it and saying: I'll only publish this, I'll only publish that. Let's publish it all, provided it's not offensive in any kind of way, provided it

reaches a certain standard, and we'll hope to make enough money on the swings to pay for the rather more important roundabouts.

**Freeman:** Do you enjoy the luxurious things of life yourself: food, drink, paintings?

**Gollancz:** Yes, yes.

**Freeman:** What is your favourite relaxation?

**Gollancz:** My favourite pursuit is listening to music; but I wouldn't call it a relaxation. It's far more serious than that, it's an act of communion.

**Freeman:** I wanted to ask you whether, in a perfectly innocent way, you are self-indulgent in small ways. Do you enjoy spending money on yourself, for instance?

**Gollancz:** No, I spend almost no money on myself. I am always thought to be self-indulgent because I frequently lunch at the Savoy, but, as a matter of fact, I actually spend on lunch at the Savoy very much less than most people—certainly most people with my sort of income—spend lunching at their clubs; because, as I entertain a lot there, they let me have my plate of cold roast beef and my fried potatoes, and don't bother me about a drink or anything. I'm into the place and out of it within ten minutes. That is not really a sign of luxurious living, though I like good food immensely.

**Freeman:** Pursuing a little further still your lines of rebellion, we come to socialism, and I want to ask you first of all, what do you mean by socialism?

### An Interpretation of Socialism

**Gollancz:** I mean something quite different, I'm afraid, from any of the ordinary meanings of the word. I mean living with a community of goods, the kind of socialism that used to be true and perhaps still is true, of the life in the *kibbutzim* in Israel. I was going to say I believe in equal incomes, but I don't believe in equal incomes because I believe that the people with beastly jobs ought to be paid more than the other people. . . .

**Freeman:** How honest is that? You don't pay most to the people with beastly jobs in your business?

**Gollancz:** No, of course I don't. In that sense, I don't think it's possible in the midst of a capitalist society to live according to the tenets of the kind of socialism which I hold. Obviously you can't have all things in common under the capitalist state, or in the kind of capitalist state that masquerades as a socialist state. I am simply telling you what I really believe in. I do actually believe—and I think I and Bernard Shaw are the only two Englishmen in the last twenty or thirty years who have believed—in the equality of incomes. But above all, I believe in an approach to the spirit of selflessness, the spirit of the absence of greed, and so on; and, of course, a great deal of modern socialism is simply inverted greed. It's better than capitalist greed, because the people have been down and out and have had nothing; but morally it's the same—the most for yourself.

**Freeman:** Are you yourself greatly moved by the sight of poverty? Is that an identification?

**Gollancz:** Very greatly. This happened when I was first going to St. Paul's, when I was about thirteen, and I had to go by train from Westbourne Park Station to Hammersmith, and this passed a place called, I believe, The Piggeries, Ladbroke Grove. I used to see these appalling houses—they may not be appalling any longer, but they were in those days—with dustbins and decaying fish-heads and all this kind of thing in the yard, and I used to think how awful it must be for people to live like that while I'm going home to my comfortable tea, lying on a sofa and eating raspberry jam sandwiches and so on. Again it was a question of identification—loathing of this kind of poverty.

### Capital Punishment

**Freeman:** Looking back on all the causes that you have supported, the Left Book Club, collective security, helping the Germans after the war, helping the Jews during the war—the whole lot of your causes, which is the one which you feel has really been closest to your heart?

**Gollancz:** Oh, the abolition of capital punishment. However decayed I become, I propose not to rest until we have finally abolished this frightful scandal from our midst.



**Freeman:** As it happens I agree with you, but this is a small cause in a world which is absolutely full of disaster, isn't it?

**Gollancz:** Yes, but it is a thing, first of all, which we can do ourselves. I mean the great world situation, with the hydrogen bomb and the frightful relation between the two great antagonists—I can't personally do anything about that, except to try to spread tolerance and that kind of thing, but I can do something in the matter of capital punishment. I believe that I, and those who think like me, between us can abolish the thing, and that is why it really means most to me.

**Freeman:** If I asked you now what would be your remaining ambition, this would be it?

**Gollancz:** Absolutely, yes.

**Freeman:** Listening to you I was struck by the conflict which I think any outsider would be struck by, what some people have called the saintly side of your nature—at any rate, the side of

public ideals and so on—and the fact that you have obviously been a very successful business man. I don't know whether you would ever claim to be a saint, perhaps not, but if I were the Devil's Advocate, and the question of your canonization was under discussion, I would perhaps say that you'd done very well in a wicked world, and I would wonder whether you hadn't perhaps worked too closely with Mammon quite to have succeeded in furthering the work of the God that you profess.

**Gollancz:** Oh, undoubtedly!

**Freeman:** Well, what would be your answer?

**Gollancz:** My answer would be undoubtedly that I am an exceedingly weak human being with a great liking for the good things of this world and I would say a hundred times that I have compromised too much with Mammon. In fact, if I were summoned before the Heavenly Tribunal and I were taxed with that, I think I'd prefer to be silent.

—From a programme in B.B.C. Television

## The Temples of Angkor

By SIR HARRY LUKE

**C**HASING butterflies a hundred years ago, a French entomologist in south-east Asia stumbled by chance upon a world of cities and temples buried for centuries in the Cambodian jungle. Henri Mouhot was no archaeologist but he did have the wit to realize that here was something remarkable and entirely unsuspected. All the same, it took many years of exploration and clearing of the dense tropical forest, not to mention research into the early history of the region, to disclose that what he had found was one of the greatest architectural and structural achievements of mankind ever concentrated in a single locality. No other race in history has created a group of buildings so vast, co-ordinated, and lavishly decorated as those of the Angkor region. Mouhot's discovery proved to be the kernel of the Empire of the Khmer, or Cambodian people, whose brilliant heyday lasted from the ninth to the thirteenth century A.D.

It was a similar sort of accident that brought to light some of the ancient monuments of the Maya people after they had lain hidden for centuries in the central American bush.

When I went to Angkor earlier this year I renewed, in a sense, an acquaintance with Cambodians that began as far back as 1906. At that time Cambodia was still a French protectorate, and the King, Sisowath, had been invited to pay a State visit to France and to his political suzerain, President Fallières. Sisowath had the bright idea—or perhaps it had been suggested to him by his hosts—of bringing with him the royal *corps de ballet*. One evening in June, my parents and I had the good fortune to be invited to an

open-air party given for the King by the French Government in the Bois de Boulogne. A stage had been set up, and for an hour or so the guests were treated to a display of traditional stylized Cambodian dancing by some forty maidens, heavily caparisoned

in gold and emerald jackets and robes and tall pagoda-like head-dresses. The exquisite small-boned little creatures had beautiful figures and feet, and they moved with studied perfection, bending their tiny flexible hands back from the wrists, and their fingers back from the palms as no European can do. Every movement, however slight, had its significance.

Just imagine an area roughly fifteen by twenty miles, flat but for an occasional hillock, well watered and under dense tropical jungle, except where this has been cut back by the archaeologists to free the buildings. They have succeeded in revealing within this one region some 400 separate monuments, great and small, of



The great temple of Angkor Wat

stone and occasional brick. They are all of a religious character: there are no civil buildings. The Khmers, with all their architectural genius, had not discovered the dome or the vault. When they needed really large halls, such as a palace audience chamber, they had to use wood, and the wooden structures have naturally perished. The original Hindu and later Buddhist cults required only relatively small rooms. So, vast as some of the temples are, the individual chambers are not large. The most impressive of them—in grandeur, design, proportions, and sheer size—is the temple of Angkor Wat.

Most of the earlier Khmer kings—their names generally ended



in 'varman', meaning 'protector'—seem to have been remarkably forceful characters, and in time they arrogated to themselves semi-divine status. They were prodigious builders, and must have had at their command not only armies of manual labourers but accomplished architects and sculptors in numbers unthinkable today. Each monarch built himself a temple to house his *lingam*—the procreative symbol—in his lifetime and his body after death; several of them chose to set up new capitals near those of their predecessors. The most complete of these cities is Angkor Thom, still surrounded by its moat and by a thick, solid wall.

Water, too, was an important feature, decorative as well as practical, in the lay-out of these cities and temples. We see it canalized and enclosed, with consummate skill and taste, within handsome embankments overlooked by lovely decorative platforms—lakes, reservoirs, and basins that make those of Versailles look like puddles. In the great rectangular moat surrounding Angkor Vat, faintly purple with lotus bloom and clogged here and there by the water-hyacinth, you can always see water-buffalo wallowing at their ease; in one water-way I encountered a solitary elephant taking his morning dip with rollicking enjoyment.

Angkor Thom was built by the last of the great Khmer kings, Jayavarman VII, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. His own temple is the fantastic Bayon, and here, as in most of the other shrines, are delicate bas-reliefs of the gay little *apsaras* (dancing girls) kicking up their heels as they face one another in a sprightly *pas de deux*, also of the more sedate celestial young women called *tevodas*. Of greater historical interest are the walls covered with narrative reliefs illustrating not only battle scenes but the daily avocations of the common people.

But every side of each of the Bayon's numerous square towers and pinnacles is fashioned in the king's likeness; that great smooth face stares at you from every corner, until it becomes a positive obsession. It is also on each side of the four city gates, so that you almost welcome, just outside these, the stone *nagas* (many-headed cobras) of great length and thickness held by rows of giant supernatural beings; on one side the gods, benign and serene, on the other the devils, looking more like angry old charladies. Both teams are posed as if preparing to take the strain in a tug-of-war.

King Jayavarman ended as a megalomaniac, and his feverish non-stop building activities exhausted his people. None of the kings after him did anything memorable, and in 1430 the Thais conquered Angkor and held it until 1907, when under French pressure they returned it to Cambodia, then still a part of French Indo-China. With the Thai conquest the brilliant Khmer civilization came to an abrupt end.

The admirable French Archaeological Service has deliberately left one temple area uncleared so that the visitor may see for



The temple of Ta-Prohm 'fighting its losing battle' against the encroaching jungle

himself what the jungle will do if it is not constantly controlled. In this temple of Ta-Prohm you may study cruel nature in action in successive stages. To begin with the structure—porch, pavilion, cloister, library, tower—is still fighting its losing battle against the hydra-headed monster: not yet wholly overwhelmed by the coils of the ruthlessly invading lianas, it seems to be struggling desperately for life in that fatal stranglehold. In the next stage it has given up the fight and lies inert in the grip of those irresistible tentacles like a deer crushed into lifelessness in the deadly embrace of a boa constrictor. In the last stage a titanic tree-trunk, smooth, obscenely naked as it glistens in the sunlight, rises like some monstrous dinosaur on top of a graceful structure now almost hidden within its roots, towering over its victim in gorged reptilian triumph.

One of the most attractive clearings in the forest is a large park-like enclosure lying between the city of Angkor Thom and the temple of Angkor Vat. One side of it is bounded by a stone

platform known as the Royal Terrace, on which stood the now vanished wooden royal residences. This terrace is about 300 yards long and is decorated with hunting elephants, except at the corners, where the elephants are not hunting but browsing on lotus flowers. I liked the idea of lotus-fed elephants; it



A tower of the Bayon temple, made in the likeness of Jayavarman VII, last of the great Khmer kings. Below: bas-relief of inhabitants of ancient Angkor cooking fish







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reminded me of peach-fed pigs and of a live gardenia-fed fawn I once came across in the Andes.

Adjoining the Royal Terrace is a smaller one, on which stands the most attractive statue in Angkor, generally referred to as the Leper King. We see a handsome young man of grave and serene mien, seated on the ground with the right knee raised, the left leg crossed, a hand resting on each. He is naked, his back is straight and upright; his hair is drawn back from his forehead and hangs down below the neck in tightly curled ringlets. He wears an enigmatic smile, heightened at a distance by what appear to be two moles, one on each cheek. When you get nearer you see that they are the curls of the upward ends of a fine little moustache, barely suggested in the lowest relief. He is flanked by three mutilated human figures and a part of what appears to be the base of a fourth.

According to the legend this figure represents King Yasovarman I, who in fact reigned successfully at the end of the ninth century and was one of the great Khmer builders. In the story (for which there is no historical foundation) this monarch was hated by all his people except four devoted favourite girls. One day, as he was riding through his capital, an old hag in rags seized his horse's bridle, stabbed the animal dead and threw herself upon the king as he lay prostrate on the ground, rubbing her body against his until she was dragged away and hacked to pieces. But she had done her work. She was a leper and had infected the king with her disease. Years earlier the king had caused her only daughter to be abducted to the palace, and this was her revenge. The king, the legend continues, grew worse, was deposed and condemned to live and perish in solitary confinement. Abandoned by the world, only his four girls remained faithful to him. These contrived to make a secret passage to his prison and to bring him food and comfort until he died.

It is a dramatic little story: but the noble-looking young man was neither a king nor a leper. A minute Sanskrit inscription on the plinth of the statue indicates that he was a Judge of the Lower Regions.

In recent years a few Buddhist monks have begun to drift back to Angkor and to build their dormitories beside some of the ancient shrines. Their robes of every shade of yellow from orange to saffron add just the touch of colour needed to revivify the grey stone and terra-cotta brick and to give a touch of life to those vast cloisters and colonnades, magnificent indeed to the eye but acrid with the dung of the millions of bats that are now their sole inhabitants.

The Cambodian Kingdom is now wholly independent under the direction of its dynamic former king, Sihanuk, who deliberately gave up the throne for the more active role of Prime Minister. He was succeeded as king by his father, an unusual sequence although it has been known to occur even in European history. And although the father died this year, Sihanuk—styled 'Monseigneur le Prince-President' in the French-language section of the Cambodian press—remains Prime Minister. The Cambodians are rightly grateful to the French archaeologists for their devoted labours and the skill and patience with which they have made the Temples of Angkor intelligible and accessible to the modern world—so accessible, in fact, that in June of this year one of our leading ladies' magazines published a series of photographs of slinky European mannequins posing against the background of the Khmer temples clad, not as *apsaras*, but in the latest English confections. Angkor must be the paradise of the archaeologist, since the work of reclamation, restoration and conservation can never end, but I cannot help thinking it must have been the nethermost Hell of the Minister of Works of the Khmer kings.—*Home Service*

## The Price of Tradition in Industry

(concluded from page 1032)

whom just over 500 are graduates. These are appallingly low figures for an industry undergoing radical technological change, and the Select Committee concluded that many of the delays in the modernization plan were due to them.

The extraordinary thing is that the Commission's witnesses seemed unaware of the real nature of the problem. They complained that they could no longer get boys to go on from craft apprenticeship through the National Certificates to professional qualification. They seemed unaware of the revolution that has taken place in education since the war, with free places in grammar schools and student grants to universities and colleges of technology. Certainly the way must be left open for the boy who fails, for one reason or another, to gain one of these places and who later shows that he has the ability to become a professional engineer. The ladders and bridges between parts of our technical education system have become something of which we are rightly proud; but the truth is that fewer and fewer of these late developers are going to be found as educational opportunity becomes more and more widespread; and those that are will have to be given the opportunity to go to a university or college of advanced technology.

In the past, presumably because the demand was small, the supply of graduate engineers was inadequate. Now the numbers coming out of our universities and colleges of technology are rising fairly fast, although they are still insufficient. The Advisory Committee on Scientific Policy has recently drawn attention to the difficulty in finding suitably qualified men for research and blames the universities, where the tradition of research in branches of engineering is weak. It also draws attention to the problem caused by the attraction for the young research worker of the modern, glamorous industries and the value of research in some of the older industries. A further expansion of engineering education at university level is obviously needed.

The problem remains of how to make the backward industries themselves realize their need to employ university-trained scientists and engineers, not only on research but also in design and

production. I believe myself that the Government has an important part to play. It can ensure that there is a first-class scientist on the board of every nationalized industry. It can stimulate backward private industries by detailed inquiries such as those made by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. It can subsidize research associations and bring pressure on industries to contribute. It can use its power as a large-scale purchaser to require improvements in research and design as, to some extent, has been done by the Admiralty. It would have been better if the Government, instead of giving financial assistance for the building of a 'Queen Mary' replacement, had used its money to bring about a rationalization and modernization of the far too many backward shipyards in this country. I believe that in some cases Government may be forced to participate in an industry by acquiring part of a company and putting a scientist on the Board, or setting up a new company with scientifically qualified management in order to provide technical competition and act as a sort of catalyst for change in the rest of the industry. These are not problems susceptible to doctrinaire economic ideas; but they want detailed examination so that the most suitable solution can be found for each individual case.

We were first and best in many industrial fields; but today we suffer from a complacent reliance on a prestige acquired in the past and often no longer deserved. If action is not taken soon we shall find it increasingly difficult to export goods of high intrinsic value in competition not only with Europe and America, but also with Japan. In that case we shall become a relatively under-developed country and will only be able to command a standard of living appropriate to that condition.

—*Third Programme*

Mr. D. C. Somervell's abridgment of Dr. Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History* first appeared in two parts: the abridgment of volumes I—VI in 1946, and that of volumes VII—X in 1957. The two parts have now been issued in a single volume, under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Oxford, £2. 5s.).



PAPER IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE • A REPORT FROM THE REED PAPER GROUP

# Will paper's value to industry become even greater?



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*This article assesses paper's industrial potential related to the ever-growing diversity of tasks it performs. It describes its conventional role purely as paper; its role as the successful partner of other materials; and a newer, fascinatingly unexpected role in which it loses its identity as paper.*

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Today, because of its inherent versatility, paper has become one of the basic materials upon which our industrial civilisation depends. In a large variety of ways and forms, it is employed throughout practically every type of industry. Basically its uses are threefold—there are the everyday, easily recognisable tasks it performs purely as paper; those which it performs in partner-

ship with other materials; and those in which it takes on an altogether new identity.

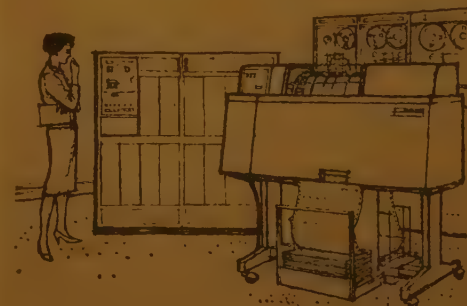
Just what are the qualities which are enabling paper so successfully to perform these tasks? And do these qualities, allied to paper's threefold personality, give promise of an even greater industrial future?

## PAPER AS PAPER

In the industrial sphere, as throughout the whole of modern society, paper and board products have become indispensable for performing a host of everyday jobs—communicating, labelling, invoicing, promoting, packaging and protecting. As industry grows, so paper in these familiar roles is growing in parallel. All the conventional jobs

still need doing, but on an ever-bigger and more complex scale.

To meet these needs, great technical advances have been made by Britain's paper



industry. Paper's virtues of versatility, strength, lightness and low cost are being



increasingly exploited to develop ever-better products for industrial packaging and printing.

Because of these same qualities, paper has adapted itself ideally to new methods such as electronic computing and mechanical accounting. Reed marketing experts forecast that, as these new techniques continue to grow, demand for specialised paper and board products will increase still further.

### PAPER AS PARTNER

Paper today is no less vital to industry in its second major role: that of partner to other materials.

Here, too, paper's versatility and infinite variability enable it to adapt itself to widely differing functions, ranging from the most strenuous to the most sensitive. For example, tougher grades enable us to have rugged abrasives such as quartz, emery, sand or glass papers. These provide modern industry with vital tools for its grinding and polishing. Likewise, photographic prints and engineer's blue-prints represent team-work between specialised papers and the light-sensitive chemicals with which they are coated.

Other partnerships are at work everywhere: products such as bitumen-laminated papers, carbon papers, litmus papers, the transfers used to apply decoration to china and earthenware, to quote only a few. No doubt there will be many more. Paper's potential for combination seems virtually unlimited.

### WHEN PAPER CEASES TO BE PAPER

The third facet of paper's industrial potential is fascinating and totally unexpected. Paper may be combined with other substances in such a way as to change its whole character. To the layman's eye, it virtually loses its identity as paper!

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Pitch-fibre pipe was first marketed in this country by a Reed Paper Group company. Statistics show that it is gaining a worth-



while share of the market, not only for drainage but as buried electrical conduit.

**WALLS OF PAPER.** This new, surprising aspect of paper's versatility is also proving of increasing value to the building industry. Important, though unspectacular, products such as building board and roofing felt have been in universal use for some time. But nowadays the Reed Paper Group contributes something much more revolutionary. Laminated plastic, already commonplace on our



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B.B.C. NEWS  
HEADLINES

November 30—December 6

Wednesday, November 30

The Minister of Housing, Mr. Brooke, moving second reading of Rating and Valuation Bill in Commons, forecasts a big increase in the rateable value of houses in 1963

The South African Government declares a partial state of emergency in the tribal reserve of Pondoland in eastern Cape Province

Thursday, December 1

The Russians launch another space-ship carrying two dogs, other animals, insects and plants

Conference of world Communist leaders ends in Moscow

New security measures against mail robberies on trains are approved by guards at meeting with the management of the Southern Region of British Railways

Friday, December 2

The Archbishop of Canterbury visits the Pope at the Vatican

The Chairman of the British Ford group, Sir Patrick Hennessy, confirms that the American Company is going ahead with its plan to buy the balance of British shares

The Russians say that their latest space ship has been burnt up on re-entering earth's atmosphere

Saturday, December 3

The National Union of Teachers says it wants to end existing agreement on salaries

A Titan intercontinental ballistic missile blows up at its base at Vandenberg, California, during refuelling in a test exercise

Sunday, December 4

At least thirteen people are reported to have been killed by Colonel Mobutu's troops for welcoming Mr. Lumumba in Kikwit on his flight from the capital

Mr. Walter Goehr, the conductor, dies, aged fifty-seven

Monday, December 5

The Government is to give financial help to flooded areas. Forty-nine main roads in twenty-one counties are still under water

The Prime Minister addresses the opening session of the conference to review the constitution of the Central African Federation

Tuesday, December 6

Soviet Union calls for an emergency session of the U.N. Security Council to consider the situation in the Congo

Flood-waters subside along the Rivers Wye and Severn

The Home Secretary announces that he is asking the police authorities to bring in the proposed pay increase for constables as soon as possible

Mr. Kenneth Adam to succeed Mr. Gerald Beadle as Director of B.B.C. Television



Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, talking to children by the side of a fountain in the Piazza Navona, Rome, last Saturday. The Archbishop was sightseeing after his historic meeting with the Pope at the Vatican the previous day



After a day and a night of torrential rain and gales last weekend, the western counties and South Wales had some of the worst floods in living memory. This photograph shows the River Ebbw pouring over its banks on to the main road into Cardiff from Newport. In the Welsh capital alone 10,000 houses were flooded

Right: mud-soaked players in the rugby international between South Africa and Wales at Cardiff last Saturday. South Africa won by a penalty goal to nil. The next day the pitch was completely inundated





Lumumba, the deposed Congolese Prime Minister, sitting with his hands tied behind his back at Leopoldville airport on Sunday. He had been arrested 400 miles away by Colonel Mobutu's forces, brought from the capital, and brought back to await trial. He was then handed on his way to prison. Mr. Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations, has since complained to the Security Council about the treatment of Mr. Lumumba.



Dr. Hastings Banda (centre), the leader of the Malawi Congress Party of Nyasaland, speaking to the press last Sunday about the conditions on which he and Mr. Joshua Nkomo (left), leader of the Southern Rhodesian Democratic Party, and Mr. Kenneth Kaunda (right) of the United National Independence Party of Northern Rhodesia had agreed to attend the conference to review the constitution of the Central African Federation which opened in London on December 5.



Britain's latest liner, the S.S. 'Oriana' of 42,000 tons, leaving Southampton on December 3 on her maiden voyage.



A personal flag adopted by the Queen which will probably be flown during her visit to India and Pakistan next year.



A miniature in a thirteenth-century Swiss psalter, which was bought by an American dealer for £62,000 at Sotheby's. It was in a sale of Dyson Perrins manuscripts last week.



Siamese kittens, eight-weeks old, photographed at the show held by the National Cat Club at Olympia last week.



# 52 x 1 = 26

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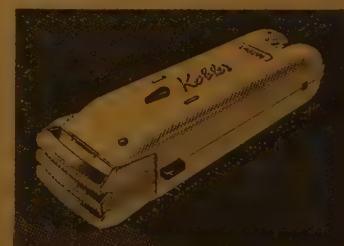
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# Wagner and 'Serialism' in Music

By JOSEPH KERMAN

BY 1900 WAGNER AS A COMPOSER was the central issue in the revolution dividing what we now call contemporary music from the past. Half of the composers of the time tried to encompass Wagner and carry on some of the implications of his work, while the other half tried to contradict him. Were these 'implications' simply on a technical level? Wagner claimed to be more than a musician, and at that time there was a terrible confusion between the ideology of Wagner and Wagner's purely artistic accomplishments. It was more than harmony and orchestration that caused the famous split in musical life of the second half of the nineteenth century.

Wagner's aims were grandiose. His favourite prototype was Greek drama—a festivity expressing the very life-soul of the city-state; and for Wagner, the one true role for art was to drive the communal national consciousness along its dynamic march into the future. Music as mere entertainment, or music as mere personal vision, was something he despised; Wagnerian music-drama was fashioned to serve the higher needs of the race. Wagner made this mystical conception of art ponderously clear in his writings, which carried surprising weight, and in his operas the conception led to all the familiar Wagnerian hallmarks: myth and the limitation on dramatic 'business'; a new breadth of time-scale and a new pitch of intensity; *Gesamtkunstwerk*, *Leitmotiv*, eight horns and four tubas in the submerged orchestra pit. Wagner's followers built him a temple and a tomb and a propaganda machine at Bayreuth in the German heartland; intellectuals from Nietzsche and Mallarmé to Thomas Mann spread one or other of the elements of Wagnerism with remarkable pervasiveness.

## An Unpaid Debt

Perhaps by this time all of this is a dead issue—this philosophy, ideology, mystique of Wagnerism. Yet the trouble is, it is still difficult to disentangle Wagnerism from Wagner's artistic accomplishment. In a subtle way, however, I believe that something of this remains in our life: remains, specifically, in the school or schools round Arnold Schönberg, the key figure of the twentieth-century musical revolution. Round Schönberg and his school there still exists today, in 1960, a split in musical life as jagged as that of Wagner's own time. This item, in our debt to Wagner, has not been paid off; if anything, we appear to have taken on a heavy second mortgage. Is it the same split, or some kind of modified continuation of the old one, or something altogether new? The question is worth pursuing. In the contemporary music consciousness, the importance of the twelve-tone phenomenon and serialism would be hard to over-emphasize.

Actually two schools should be distinguished: the original Viennese twelve-tone group formed round Schönberg, and the recent international serial group formed round the memory of

Anton Webern, Schönberg's radical pupil. Between both of these schools and musical Wagnerism striking parallels appear at once, at any rate on the surface: the same apparatus of composers, favourite conductors and performers always ready to present their work, devotees and hangers-on, intellectuals and publicists, magazines, societies, little festivals. Though the modern movement has always been much humbler in scope than Wagnerism, it has recently achieved a certain analogous chic. A little below the surface, the movements have in common the mode of polemic, the mood of an élite, and a very elementary view of musical progress. Like the Wagnerians, the serialists are marching along the one truly modern path, which has evolved inexorably from the past, in face of a reactionary opposition that to them appears no less powerful than underhanded.

## Criticism of Twelve-tone Music

Equally scornful are the members of this opposition, armed with arguments very similar indeed to those of the anti-Wagnerians. Twelve-tone music is too dissonant and chromatic for man or beast, too complicated, unsingable. It consists not exactly of 'endless melody', but certainly of an endless unarticulated flux. The steady high level of intensity frays the nerves; Eduard Hanslick, the Viennese critic, complained of 'continuous nervous unrest' even in *Die Meistersinger*. According to a somewhat more elegant criticism, twelve-tone music is feeble rhythmically, which again recalls a remark of Nietzsche about Wagner's complete degeneration of the feeling for rhythm, chaos in sound. Behind specific objections lies a suspicion that the music is being composed less for its own sake than to justify an abstract, extra-musical system. What is more, twelve-tone music is considered decadent on account of its roots. Wagner was accused of vulgarity à la Meyerbeer; Schönberg is accused of tawdry romanticism à la Wagner. The twelve-tone school has to live with *Verklärte Nacht* and the Alban Berg *Sonata*, just as Wagnerism had to live with the Prelude to the Third Act of *Lohengrin*.

## Extra-musical Structure and a Mystique

Even if there were no more connexion than this, I would still think it a matter of some significance that the form of the Wagnerian quarrel is so clearly echoed in the twelve-tone quarrel—even if the content were not. This whole way of thinking about music was unknown before Wagner; though we take it for granted today, it has its peculiar modernity. However, the connexion surely lies deeper than the form of controversy alone; and, with all due sympathy in both directions, I should like to look at analogies in content. The essence of Wagnerism was a partly extra-musical structure and a mystique. Is not the same ruc of serial music? The old structure and the old mystique differ enormously from the new; that, I think is

obvious. Equally obvious to me is the similarity between the two schools simply on the basis of their essential orientations around a structure and a mystique.

Structure for the Wagnerians was a relentless multiplication of musical, poetic, dramatic, philosophical, and ideological details to create the magical *Gesamtkunstwerk*. Structure for the original twelve-tone school was a systematic application of a method in composing a work. Starting with what has been called his 'pre-compositional assumption', the composer then operates with a set or row, a fixed ordering of the twelve available notes of the scale. From these origins, the later serial school has developed methods controlling musical elements other than pitch—rhythm, timbre, dynamics, and so on—by means of analogous 'assumptions'. To describe all this as structure will cause no difficulty, but to call 'extra-musical' or 'half-extra-musical' a structure which is so directly involved with the act of musical composition, may seem mistaken. I grant that the term used this way means something entirely different from Wagnerian extra-musicality. Nevertheless, in the very concept of the row, in the frankly mathematical nature of the derivations and operations, notably with the latest serialists, and in the speculative quality of 'pre-compositional assumption' itself, we can hardly fail to see something extra-musical at work. That vaguely similar things can be seen in some great composers of the past, too, proves merely that extra-musical ideas have been affecting great music for a long while.

## Feeling, not Thought

What may cause more difficulty is reference to a twelve-tone or serial mystique. But the fact is that serialism is felt (not thought: but felt) to offer a key to the musically good. It provides control by formula over the raw material of music, it solves problems of logic and organization. Indeed, the mystique is essentially organic; to the most superficial twelve-tone sympathizers, application of mathematical technique guarantees an organic whole, which is to them tantamount to success. The fantastic apparatus of mathematical set theory and acoustical formulae, the shibboleth of 'total organization', so-called—these belong only to the most extreme new serialists, not to Webern or Schönberg. Nevertheless, in a quieter form the idea of artistic success through increasingly rigorous control certainly played its part with the original twelve-tone composers.

To Schönberg and his most intelligent sympathizers, serialism is just a technique, a 'method of composing with the twelve notes', and artistic problems come only after the 'pre-compositional assumption' and all the manipulations of the rows. The historical 'necessity' of Schönberg's development is always insisted on. But the trouble with this non-mystical explanation is that serialism, viewed merely as a working method, seems to everybody else artis-



tically (if not perhaps historically) arbitrary, imposed from the outside, and, above all, laboured. Why this method rather than another? Why the passion for rigorous application, which could bring Schönberg himself in his late years to incorporate dogmatic members of his tone-row in unheard grace-note chords? And, conversely, what justification can be found for so-called free twelve-tone composers—composers who are, as it were, just a little bit pregnant? Viewed as a mystique, however, the twelve-tone system presents no problems at all. Number mystiques have nourished the arts since the time of Pythagoras, with good results as well as bad. It is certainly not remarkable that in this scientific, uncertain age, musicians and artists should seek a talisman.

I would not want misunderstanding about the manifest differences between Wagnerism and serialism. The new mystique is a compositional mystique, no world view. The twelve-tone and the serial schools avoid magic, demagoguery, and even personality; the very names, indeed, are not 'Schönbergism' but terms severely expressive of technique; literature comes in magazines called not *The Meister*, *La Revue Wagnérienne*, *Bayreuther Blätter*, but called *The Score*, *Polyphonie*, *Die Reihe*; most (not all) of this literature is highly professional, beginning with Schönberg's written contribution, a *Harmonielehre*. Personality is not the issue here; if it were, we might reflect on the ironic, indeed tragic, contrast between Wagner and Schönberg in the outward course of their careers, to say nothing of their conduct. In serialism the *Führer* concept is absent, as irrelevant to a technical movement as it was essential to Wagner's all-embracing ideology; consequently serialism has had more than one single master, and is exerting a more profound, more flexible, influence than Wagnerism ever did, for all its pride in romantic dynamism.

### Romantic Music and Chromaticism

All this is true; yet there is one more bond, and this bond is the deepest one, between Wagner and the twelve-tone system. In the historical moment, Schönberg did not proceed illogically. He was meeting the great problem in musical style that he inherited from Wagner. Romantic music, seeking to mirror the inner life of feeling, had instinctively clouded clear forms wherever possible; most seriously, it had clouded the traditional framework of harmony and tonality. Seeking intense expressivity, romantic music leaned towards more and more chromaticism—a tendency that weakened the tonal system specifically, by drawing attention away from harmony and towards linear impulsion. All this came to a head in *Tristan*. Schönberg's solution of the problem that he found himself faced with was to leave classical tonality altogether, and organize music in a radically different way. As a frame of reference for the 'rightness of sounds', he developed the serial principle, self-defined by a private 'precompositional assumption', rather than accepted according to the tacit tradition of tonality.

It was obvious to all that Wagner had brought music to a breaking-point, and what caused the crisis was not simply the interest of his searching experiments but rather the authority and integrity of his operas as works of art. The situation was desperate enough; all serious composers in the early part of the twentieth century

were trying to erect some kind of structure from the fallen bricks of classical tonality. That Schönberg and Webern should have attempted a drastic solution is much less remarkable than the character of that solution: the rigid systematization with its strong leanings towards a mathematical mystique. The interesting fact is that analogues to this rigid systematization—the way they arranged the bricks—are already evident in the Wagner operas.

### Dogging Paradox

This seems a paradox: Wagnerism is dogged by paradox. What has Wagner's cult of irrationality and his endless, vague, emotional trance to do with a technique which has been accused of being cold and mathematical? The paradox runs all through romanticism, starting before 1800 with Novalis's maxim of *Systemlosigkeit in ein System*—systemlessness as system. Seen from one side, it sets up a system. And so it must be for the artist; romanticism might seek to imitate life in its elusive, self-contradictory chaos, but the artist, if he wanted to do anything at all—whether to express his soul or to influence others magically—had to come to a point. Art has to impose form on content. Perhaps, indeed, the more the artist wishes to give the impression of formlessness, the firmer must he draw the secret bonds of artistic form.

In the music of the nineteenth century, it was Wagner who reflected the paradox of Novalis most strongly. He worked and plotted for his seemingly formless effects. For Wagner, intellectual organization was first a matter of leit-motive structure, as was well understood at the time, but in addition to leit-motive structure, Wagner used minute organization by phrase, period, and key. The 'endless melody' is structured down to the bone. Wagner worked his themes less by development than by repetition and sequence; as one looks more and more closely at the scores one realizes how rigorously this work goes on—'mechanistically', indeed. Furthermore, curious long-range structures came to light. To take an example from *Die Meistersinger*: the Overture is built round four keys (C, E, E flat, and C again); four hours later, and at ten times the length, the final scene of the opera is built round exactly the same keys. An example from *Parsifal*: to conclude the opera on a note of deep serenity, Wagner picked on the sound of a plagal cadence, already at hand in his 'Grail' motive, the so-called 'Dresden Amen'. After moving from D up a fifth to A, he moves up another fifth to E, up another, and another, and another, and another—six times in all, exactly half-way round the full tonal circle.

### A Common Mood

This type of organization is far from twelve-tone organization; but the two have in common a mood, a quality, and that is their schematic quality. An artist who would go so far towards systematization as to multiply a progression six times, might go the rest of the way and group all twelve notes of the scale in a set pattern. The parallelism of keys in *Die Meistersinger* brings up a crucial question at once: has this structure any aesthetic import, or is it purely speculative? Is it *heard*, or is it an instance of 'paper' organization? Something similar is asked about *Ulysses* and the Pound *Cantos*. The same question is asked all the time about serial

music, not only in reference to its formation round the row on a small scale but also in reference to its modes of coherence on a larger scale. In contemporary criticism this question is central, and the analogy with Wagner should serve as a tool in the answering.

Analogy only; analogy in spirit but not of course in actual detail. With this reservation clear, the relation between Wagner and contemporary music may be seen to be more than merely historical. Wagner's musical organization prefigures in a certain respect Schönberg's twelve-tone technique and also the fantasy of 'total organization' developed by Stockhausen and others. The new technical mystique depends even more critically than the Wagnerian on the illusion of organism, on the indestructibility of works that have to be judged according to their own 'precompositional assumption', on their technical virtuosity, on their logic and economy. That a technical, even hermetic, aspect of Wagnerism should survive in modern music while more blatant aspects are discredited is characteristic of the technical limitation of the serialists. And while 'economy' is probably the last word that one would think of applying to Wagner, it does finally explain itself as the back of the coin of Wagner's insistence on organic synthesis.

### Schönberg's 'Moses und Aron'

I recently spent an afternoon looking through the literature on Schönberg's unfinished opera *Moses und Aron*. Much of this literature is by twelve-tone adherents, and some of it is impressive; yet the name of Wagner scarcely appears. In its fundamental dramatic conception, however, *Moses und Aron* is the most egregiously Wagnerian piece since *Parsifal*. I am not saying that the piece sounds like Wagner, or that Schönberg's philosophy is like Wagner's, or that his rhetoric resembles Wagner's; I say simply that in its fundamental dramatic conception *Moses und Aron* is the most egregiously Wagnerian piece since *Parsifal*. We have here a didactic racial epic of momentous import. The concept of the *Volk*, indeed the very term, occurs more prominently than ever it does in Wagner, even in *Die Meistersinger*. The libretto, gauche as only a home-made libretto can be, treats in symbolic terms of universal ethical and political problems; and if Bernard Shaw could see Bakunin and contemporary socialist doctrine in *The Ring*, I can also see in *Moses und Aron* the idealistic Zionism of Theodor Herzl and Rabbi Magnes pitted against the political Zionism of David Ben-Gurion.

The action in the opera consists of static dialogues arranged in a stiff dialectic plan—with the exception of the now famous Golden Calf scene, where the stage directions out-Wagner Wagner's vanishing castles, swimming Rhinemaidens and magic fires: four Naked Virgins are to be stabbed and their blood caught in cups, after which rapacious stripping of the chorus is the order of the day. There is blood, sex, *Liebestod*, even the indispensable serpent. There is the by now customary rigorous construction and enormous complexity of the score. Nearly 400 rehearsals were required for the first performance (shades of *Tristan*!) and that first performance occurred twenty years after the work was composed; facts which the enthusiasts have greeted with the customary cries of martyrdom and panegyric.



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*Moses und Aron* belongs in this discussion for several reasons. First, it bears witness to the almost unbelievable survival of Wagnerian dramatic conception in the work of the central, inescapable, brooding figure of twentieth-century music. Second, it shows how skittishly Wagner is handled today even by the élite (for to the twelve-tone adherents regard themselves). Wagner stands for romanticism; Wagner stands in some obscure way for bogus; his name might dirty the modern masterwork.

The third serious reason for bringing up *Moses und Aron* is the serious one. Here is Schönberg's largest, most ambitious, and according to many critics his greatest work. It

is a work that ought to be in our ears now; the posthumous first performance was only in 1954, the first stage performance came a few years later, and the third performance took place some time ago in Berlin, to the accompaniment of mild riots. *Moses und Aron* has the authentic aura of a masterpiece. What is to be made of this work, with its new problematic dimensions added to the standard difficulty of any Schönberg score? The question, which is scarcely to be met by marching along with any school or 'ism', may be helped by Wagner. If for no other reason, Wagner is needed today to clarify *Moses und Aron*. Every element in the latter that calls for clarification—the mystique, the

complication, the innocence, the impact and the aura—has its analogous element (not identical, but analogous) in the Wagner canon. It should be as unthinkable to deny the defects of *Moses* as to deny those of *Parsifal*: it should be unthinkable to deny the transcendent artistic power of one work or the other on account of defects.

Nothing will be settled by speculative analogy: what counts always is the critical ear. But the old work can help define a stance for the new. More generally, I would suggest that an understanding of Wagner and Wagnerism is necessary and rather urgent today if we are to get some perspective of the contemporary musical scene.—*Third Programme*

Science, Poetry, and the Incarnation

## The Incarnation Was Complete

The second of four talks for Advent by KENNETH BARNES

IN MY FIRST TALK\* I approached the Incarnation from a less usual direction by asking what it is to be human. Here I am going to consider in what ways Jesus answers the description. Again I must emphasize that if we are to know anything, we must be free to know—free in thought and feeling. This may require a deliberate breaking of habits, a period of distrust of what we have been taught to think and feel.

But how much notice should we take of the scholarly research that has been done on the Gospels as documents? The development of what is called Form Criticism has led to this thought: that it is not possible to discover the real historical Jesus. None of the Gospels was written by an eye-witness. They are all considered to be statements of Christology or theology rather than historical fact. That is, they were not written to record what happened out to support ideas that had already grown up around the figure of Jesus. Thus the Gospels illustrate his importance to the Early Church but possibly obscure the real history

### Changing Opinions

The opinions of scholars seem to have changed rapidly and may change further. In the meantime the ordinary man has his Gospels and he can use his imagination to try to penetrate through the Christology to some feeling of what sort of man Jesus was. This is what I am trying to do. All of the Gospels try to show that Jesus was a fulfilment of prophecy. Matthew specially emphasizes this. He wrote particularly for Jews, to show that Jesus was fully in the Jewish tradition, come into the world precisely to fulfil the scripture.

For me, this must be put aside. In fastening on to this the Church went astray, giving in to the primitive impulse to believe in magic and witchcraft. As a result, Jesus became an equiscent sacrifice, to propitiate a people's sins. Redemption was like the buying back of mankind from a pawnbroker God. Jesus ceased to be a person and became an instrument. The process went on rapidly in the Church—his metamorphosis into the Christ. This enlarged concept was open to the injection of a host of longings and ideas, some Christian, some pagan.

This arose inevitably in the historical situation; but concepts tend to outlive needs, to the point where they feed weaknesses. Men cannot live by concepts, however sublime; we need the intimacy of the living person, the unique individual. If God is not personal he becomes only an idea, whatever your theology.

### Belief in Magic

The idea of Jesus as the fulfilment of a prophecy, a predestined sacrifice, for me makes nonsense of the Incarnation, precisely because it implies that he was never a freely acting responsible human being. It makes him a puppet moved by strings held in the hands of an unseen power. In this idea men were taking the way of belief in magic, which fitted their thought forms but not ours.

I believe that the Incarnation meant a unity with mankind at every point. We usually think of the suffering of Jesus and his temptation, but I want to suggest points less often recognized. Jesus needed knowledge and intelligence to deal with his world. Wisdom did not come miraculously to him like Athene springing full grown and fully armed from the head of Zeus. He had to gain knowledge as diligently as we have to. He had to train his intelligence. He soaked himself in the writings and history of his people and with them was able to confound his critics. How can it ever have been maintained that Jesus knew everything from his conception? Not only would this make all his decisions and choices unreal, but it would take away the reality of his last suffering—it would reduce it to physical suffering only. At his death Jesus shared with us spiritual suffering and despair. But how could there have been despair if he knew in advance of his ultimate triumph?

I believe that every choice made by Jesus was a real choice. He knew the pain of having to make decisions as we make decisions—with inadequate knowledge, not knowing what the consequence will be, but with the faith that somehow our integrity—if we have it—will show through. His acts were not merely acts of obedience, but acts of creation, soremely his own.

Jesus had to learn, as we have to learn—and

all through his life. Take that extraordinary story of the Syrophenician woman. She—a non-Jewish woman—asked Jesus to cure her daughter, but Jesus said that he was only concerned with the lost sheep of the House of Israel. 'Shall the children's food be thrown to the dogs?' Jesus actually turned away from a woman in distress and called her people dogs. Her reply arrested his attention and he turned back to her and did what she asked. I do not see how this story can in any honest way be fitted into a pattern of perfection and omniscience. One can imagine him going away into the hills to assimilate this extraordinary new experience and learning from it that henceforth his message was to the whole world and his compassion open to every living being.

To realize that Jesus had to learn the will of God from experience takes away nothing. On the contrary it is an immense encouragement to know that he had to learn as we have to learn, and that the greatest vision of all came not by supernatural gift but by a humbling experience such as all of us are bound to suffer.

### A Misleading Notion

Jesus, it is said, was perfect man. I would say that this concept of perfection is one of the most misleading notions. Jesus repudiated the statement that he was good. However, if Matthew is correct he did say: 'Be ye perfect as your father in Heaven is perfect'. What do we mean by the word perfect as we use it now? To be faultless, like a carefully drawn circle, made exactly to a pattern that we can see completely, to perform exactly in accordance with demands or rules. Is this human, or is it indeed even desirable in any living thing? It is in fact inhuman. It is a denial of personality, which in its richness and potentiality is never to be limited within any conceivable pattern. A poet—Cecil Day Lewis—had this to say about anyone who strives to be perfect in this sense:

One wooed perfection; he's bedded deep in the glacier, perfect  
And null, the prince and image of despair.

I have heard that a truer meaning of the word translated as perfect is 'mature'. Jesus was saying: 'For Heaven's sake grow up!' And



what more relevant command can we give to the peoples of the world than that they should grow up? Jesus did not offer any pattern of virtues. It was the Greeks who did that. Jesus opened the door to the abundant life—the unpredictable future. The false conception of perfection and finality is another example of the way in which men have denied the humanity of Jesus, repudiated the Incarnation, and tried to make him fundamentally different. If we think of the best of our friends, those whom we respect and love and delight in, with whom we share our intimate thoughts, are those the people who make us feel that we have come to the end of a journey, that there is nothing more to discover or understand? No, they are precisely the people who become our companions rather than objects of adoration, who open up endless possibilities of experience, who help us to be born again into a new world.

### Jesus and Sin

Perfectionism is also seen in the concept of Jesus as the sinless one. It is not a question of whether it is true or untrue to say that Jesus was sinless; in relation to his essential nature it is irrelevant. It adds nothing to our understanding of his significance, but rather introduces an obstacle. Jesus himself gave us a wholly different way of appreciating personality, one that we use ourselves. The significance of our friends to us is not a matter of what virtues they possess and what sins they retain. In the active experience of love we are not concerned with assessment; we are taken far beyond sins and virtues. How can we bring Jesus down to a level of judgment that in human relationship we are taken beyond?

There is little evidence that Jesus accepted the priestly concept of sin or was interested in it. When faced with a sufferer, he seems to have put him at his ease at once by telling him that his sins were forgiven—without asking what they were. He was faced often with neurosis, produced in the over-sensitive Jewish people by a fanatical insistence on sin. He had to speak in the terminology of his time, in words

the neurotic would understand, but quickly cut beneath it all with the redeeming and uplifting power of love.

The Christian Church took over the whole priestly pattern, but with the help of love and forgiveness made it hurt a little less. Most of it is now an anachronism, out of accord with what we understand about human motives and the way we can deal knowledgeably and lovingly with human problems. There is something for which the word sin is worth retaining—the 'sin against the Holy Ghost'—that can be expressed in the words 'Evil be thou my Good'. It is the sin of which nazism was a horrifying collective manifestation. The concept of sin too often sorts actions into classes according to their outward appearances, discouraging inquiry into the inner quality of human relationships, which is what Christianity is truly concerned with. Nowhere has the bankruptcy of the sin idea been more evident than in the Church's ineffective pronouncements about sexual waywardness.

To most of us the compassion of Jesus is his most important quality. Compassion is not merely pity. Jesus had the quality of sensitiveness and imagination that enabled him to enter deeply into the experiences of the sufferer; to know how he felt and why he felt. Compassion came to him as he saw the plight of individuals, and as he saw the whole predicament of man. He lived in an occupied country writhing under the Roman rule, but also torn with civil strife, his own community seething with fanaticism, riddled with corruption—in short the degeneracy that we have seen in our own time in occupied territories. Living and moving among the poor he saw into the plight of the bewildered nameless folk driven hither and thither by forces they could not understand, dying unnoticed and meaninglessly, as they have died all over Europe.

He was also a man of passionate feeling. He could turn from the most gentle treatment of those who craved for his love to the fiercest attack on the oppressors of the poor. He flayed these with the most biting invective, the most bitter irony, that has ever been used. He never stood aside offering advice or principles from on high, but was deeply involved, right in the con-

flict, followed around by contentious groups, supported or attacked, applauded or derided, loved or feared. Love carried him into danger all the time. His death was not arranged to demonstrate his love; it was a consequence of it.

### Facing the Truth

And he knew despair, overwhelming despair. He demanded of others that they should face the truth about the world, about the evil in their own lives and the corruption of their country. But he also faced the truth for himself. He allowed himself no false comforts, no illusions, no baseless optimism; eventually he began to realize what the end would be. There came a point where he asked that, if it were part of God's way with the world, he might be spared the final suffering: 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me'. But he asked for no miraculous rescue, no reprieve that was not of the nature of life as lived by his fellow-men.

It is the depth and completeness of his manhood that speak to me of his divinity. To me the most moving words he ever spoke were not words of confidence; they were not part of his teaching or of his gospel. They were the words he spoke when, in the intensity of his suffering, his faith began to break. 'My God, my God; why hast thou forsaken me?' In these words he identified himself with everyone whose faith is tried to the breaking point, with all the mute sufferers throughout history who have been tortured or burnt or crowded into gas chambers.

I have just used the word 'divinity'. In what sense was he divine? I am not interested in a tidy theology; it seems to belong to the hair-splitting disputations of the past. The more tidy a theology, the more sterile it seems to become. But here is a thought. In the words of Dr. Wheeler Robinson: for the Greeks, man was an incarnated soul; for the Jews, he was an animated body. There is a subtle but profound difference. The Jewish idea is the more alive, the more in line with the practical realism of the modern world. It begins from experience, from the earth, from what we know. Jesus was a God-filled man.—*Home Service*

## The Drowned Man from the Sea

The drowned man from the sea  
With water in his skull,  
His kneecaps knocked awry,  
Seven shrimps in his mouth,  
His trousers full of eels,  
Was anchored by the gulls  
On the stone steps of the pier;  
And so staked out to dry.

An hour of hot sun  
And his great harvest blown  
On the winds of the town  
Brought a sister for a cry,  
A poet for a truth,  
A strong man with a blanket,  
The town for a smell,  
And two urchins to pry.

And separate from the sea  
The water in his skull  
Forgot the troubled wave,  
The shrimps began to die;

The iodine and eels  
Crept off the slippery pier  
Into the guts of gulls,  
The wet became dry.

The town saw him folded,  
The urchins stole a shoe,  
The strong man with the blanket  
And the poet turned to spew:  
Flesh was all fish,  
Fair was all foul,  
And barbed tides had plundered  
The pores of the soul,

Fish-hooks had opened  
Head, foot and thigh,  
Seashells of oceans  
Sounded the skull  
Of urchin and poet  
And this town can tell  
How one death is legion  
And lives in each eye.

MICHAEL BALDWIN

## Fable

They told us not to come this way at all  
Or, if we must, to come early in the year  
And to be through the town by afternoon  
And to come many together  
And to come armed.

But all the other ways were closed to us  
By flood, fire, pestilence or bridges down  
And it is October the last and late o'clock  
And we are alone  
And arms we do not bear.

So it is with no surprise  
That we see in the wicked alley  
That opens like a fistula on the street  
The ill-favoured group waiting,  
Their hats pulled down over their eyes.

And beyond the town the country opens again  
Cradled in late light, stilled with evening dew,  
Untouched, uncompromised as though the world  
were new,  
A vanishing and everlasting view.

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The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Dry Rot and Redbrick

Sir,—May I go a little beyond a general comment on the correspondence which followed my broadcast on redbrick universities? I have tried in articles, in a broadcast, and in a book to give reasons for my belief that the organization of redbrick universities is such that many staff therein are not used in the best interests of themselves or of the nation and that large numbers of students are being given less than they deserve. A result which has astonished me is the great difference between publicly expressed reactions to my views and the opinions given to me privately. With notable exceptions, published comment has been mostly superficial or, what matters less, merely abusive. On the other hand, in a voluminous correspondence and in casual meetings, I have had much support from vice-chancellors, professors, lecturers, and graduates.

I will use as an example a letter I have just received from a distinguished professor with long experience in a government research establishment. After referring to the nonsense talked about research by people who have never done any, he says: 'Research is a full-time job and attempts to mix it with teaching and administration means that all three suffer and that there is a dreadful waste of man-power. Some drastic reform in university management is required but how to initiate it I do not see. The system at present seems to be self-perpetuating'.

It is difficult but not impossible to get these matters discussed: for example, I have just attended a stimulating and uninhibited discussion on my views at Manchester University.

Between those who appear to be horrified by my views and those who support me, there is a large body which fears change lest the cure be worse than the disease. The great stumbling-block is fear of authority, but surely the greater the diversity of purpose and of people in an institution, the greater the need for authority to ensure that people have freedom to use their different talents in the best ways. Cabbages of equal size and shape need little organization. It is my contention that effective authority in academic matters should neither be in the person of one man, as is common in the U.S.A. nor, as is common in this country, in the hands of a committee of fifty or more people. It puzzles me to know why professorial heads of departments, rarely chosen for their skill in administration, should be assumed to exercise a wise and democratic leadership while a few men, deliberately chosen for these very qualities, should be supposed suddenly to become big brothers. A professor in a redbrick university is the guardian of his department but there remains the question that puzzled the Greeks, 'Who shall guard the guardians?'

Discussion of these matters can go on for ever but we need facts. Let universities investigate whether their graduates are broadly educated; in particular, whether science and engineering graduates are on the way to being able to talk clearly and convincingly about their professional

subjects and on how they fit into the pattern of society. Let universities investigate the quality of the research work being done in their laboratories: if the Royal Society can assess the quality of research work, universities should not boggle at the task. Perhaps most of all, let universities investigate the special needs of the tens of thousands of students coming from 'non-bookish' homes. The kind of survey I conducted for five years should be done, and done better, in every university.

A recent leading article in *The Times Educational Supplement* contained these words: 'The forces of inertia are strong, built into the very machinery of university government, perhaps as Mr. Rowe argues'. There is plenty of selfless devotion to truth in our universities but, because of a fear of change, the late Lord Simon's plea for a Royal Commission seems justified. It is however more than likely that words of caution whispered into Ministerial ears will prevent a solution of this kind.

How far what I have said applies to Oxford and Cambridge I do not know but perhaps I may tell the story of a Scottish don who, after spending a morning reading my book on universities in a Cambridge bookshop, said, 'The mon is recht but no hard enough'. It is easy to forget what Royal Commissions did for Oxford and Cambridge.

The letter from Mr. Kingsley Amis reminds me that I have not sufficiently stressed that when I talk of research, I am thinking of scientific research, because it is in that field that most of my life has been spent. Since, however, Mr. Kingsley Amis seems to doubt that I have any right to discuss research, perhaps I may be allowed to say that, throughout the war, I had the honour to lead what has been described as the most brilliant and successful team of scientists ever, up to that time, to have been brought together in the British Commonwealth. I fear that I am as ignorant of Mr. Kingsley Amis's connexion with research as he is of mine.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

A. P. ROWE

Sir,—May I take up one of the several controversial points raised by Dr. A. P. Rowe in his talk, 'Dry Rot and Redbrick', printed in THE LISTENER for November 24?

I write, with typical academic narrowness, only for my own subject, European prehistory, and from experience in a Scottish Greystone university, but I cannot believe that the problems I face in teaching are so dissimilar from those of my colleagues in other disciplines as to be negligible. Dr. Rowe forcibly makes the point that the combination of teaching and research in a university 'do not make sense', and makes a plea for teachers in universities who are not also involved in research in their subject.

In my experience (and not now confining myself to my own subject), teaching by those who are not also engaged in research is inevitably out of date, for the very reason that the

teachers are often out of touch with current work, and necessarily teach from text-books which again, of their nature, are behind the times. I have also found that there is no one more capable than the average student in spotting the deadness of the lecture which is based, not on recent first-hand knowledge of, and work on, the original sources, but on text-books and secondary sources.

Of course, Dr. Rowe and I may have divergent ideas as to what constitutes research: for my part I would say that it involves the critical investigation and interpretation of original sources of knowledge with a view to their interpretation in meaningful terms; an investigation which must be constantly renewed as new evidence and interpretations arise. A university teacher, as I see it, should have a passionate concern not only to devote himself to his chosen subject, but to transmit his enthusiasm and knowledge, with the appropriate intellectual techniques, to a younger generation which will improve on him, and take the investigations he has at heart a stage further. Actuality, immediacy, and excitement in the current developments of the subject in which the teacher is actively involved are the things which attract and interest the student, and take him beyond the stage of school instruction and parrot-learning to pass examinations.

Above all, we owe it to our students to give them this intellectual stimulus, and not to offer them shoddy, second-hand, and out-of-date teaching. If this is not done in the universities, where is it to be achieved? And on their side the students repay the teacher in no small measure. Teaching even a class of dim-wits is not without its value to the research worker in its challenge to examine the bases of his knowledge if he has to simplify his subject without being either misleading or superficial. Research institutes can be the most dangerous of ivory towers: I am myself very conscious of the debt I owe to successive generations of pupils, not by any means all of first-class quality, who have kept me on my intellectual toes by their questions and criticisms.

On rereading this I think that perhaps Dr. Rowe would class me as an academic romantic. Perhaps I am. If so, I am unrepentant, and do not regard the epithet as necessarily pejorative.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh

STUART PIGGOTT

Sir,—Dr. A. P. Rowe's talk on 'Dry Rot and Redbrick' gave me so much sustained enjoyment as one academic myth after another bit the dust that it would be churlish not to respond to the plea contained in his last few sentences. Two of his themes invite further comment.

On the general running of a university, he asks for a full-time governing body with full executive authority. This is really a plea for the sort of organization found in large industrial firms where there is, in theory, a clear distinction between the duties and purposes of a board of directors, responsible for policy as a whole,



and those of managers running departments. In small firms these two jobs are rolled up together and done by a single body of men, but as the business grows bigger this creates a fresh set of administrative problems and it becomes in practice necessary to separate the two functions. Nearly all our universities, even those with dozens of departments, seem to be run on the small-firm model—many of their current administrative stresses, strains, and bouts of indigestion may well be caused by their having outgrown this sort of system and refusing to admit it. The techniques of running large organizations are apt to be regarded suspiciously by British universities, who do not think that administration is a fit subject for academic study (but do not boggle at including all sorts of specialized technologies in their curricula). It would be interesting to know how many senior university officials have been through the Administrative Staff College at Henley.

Dr. Rowe discusses the conflicting pressures of teaching and research. If these were the only two main problems, a newly appointed professor would have a relatively simple life. Unfortunately, this is not the whole story. Even his research responsibilities have changed overnight—he will have been chosen because of his individual research brilliance, but this does not help him in running a department in which others are also doing research. The very talents which have catapulted him into academic eminence may even be a handicap in his new position, and the poor man rarely gets any job training; in industry, we arrange these matters better.

If, through the workings of serendipity, he has any inborn administrative talent at all, he will surely need it to cope with three other problems which are only hinted at in Dr. Rowe's analysis. One of them is the need in this particular decade to organize a large expansion of his department, both in terms of manpower and buildings, at the ultimate behest of the U.G.C. Like the generals in Clemenceau's war, this is too serious a matter to be left to the professors—even the practised expanders of industry consider it to be a tricky exercise, yet it is being done in most British universities largely on an amateur basis. In some of them it may not be done very well and this provides extra support for the 'board of directors' type of organization for which Dr. Rowe asks.

A second extra problem also arises from the current expansion programmes. This adds to the professorial obligations that of helping to raise funds for part of the expansion, and the academic begging bowl is now becoming a necessary item of equipment. All this cuts into time which should be spent on research and teaching, but the gifted professor who can administrate as well should watch out for the third and worst problem of the lot—his talents will soon be spotted and the demands of university and government committees will make further inroads on his time—in the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.—Yours, etc.,

Harrogate

R. F. TUCKETT

### Art and Anarchy

Sir,—I should like, with the greatest temerity, to take issue with Professor Wind over his interpretation of Plato (*THE LISTENER*, November 24). It may, I am aware, seem incomprehensible that a thinker of the first rank should evince a sense of humour, but Plato, if he is to

be understood, must be read with an eye to his own very pertinent line of satire.

Where Plato writes of a poet who is a 'rare and holy and wonderful being' he is not only being ironical, he is also drawing attention to a most vital point and one which Professor Wind does not seem fully to have grasped—namely the motive, or *raison d'être*, of artistic expression. Plato's scale of values in this respect is the same as that of pre-Renaissance Christendom (or of any other religion for that matter); art is a means of drawing men's attention to their souls; to something, anything, superior in value to themselves; in other words, to God.

Art is nothing but a means of expression. The question is, what is it to express? Plato and the great religions would have it express man's relation to God. Art is a vehicle for emotion, but all emotions are not equal. Awe, or 'sacred fear' before one's God is a superior emotion to lust, anger and self-pity—all equally capable of artistic expression. This is the root of Plato's desire for censorship.

It is a major error also to take the methods Plato uses to maintain the moral basis of art out of their context in *The Republic*. Contrary to popular belief, Plato was a realist. The ideal state of *The Republic* was completely self-contained and all the inhabitants had been brought up from childhood according to the same moral ideals. Platonic censorship was designed to prevent subversive influences coming in from outside. This is quite different from any form of censorship might take in Athenian or modern democratic society, where almost every man is deluded by the religion of self-expression.

I have heard it said that a good artist expressed what he really *felt*—as if it were a triumph to feel at all. Or that an artist should express his personality. But what is a man's personality? On those occasions when I can stand the strain, I peer into the murk of my own soul, and what terrible things I see there. Can these Freudian doppelgangers that take charge of my voice, features, and limbs, really be *me*? Or that other self that struggles, however vainly, to make me do my duty, love my neighbour, bear fools gladly, and worship God?

Which personality is an artist to express? This is the question one ought to pose, and which Plato answers.—Yours, etc.,

Ryde

A. H. BLACKMORE

### Penalties of Prosperity

Sir,—Miss Marya Mannes's interesting talk (*THE LISTENER*, December 1) omits two points which I would like to mention. One is the sense-shattering noise pervading every activity in New York, a cacophony which mars the initial pleasure in a wonderful metropolis.

Two, about public transportation in the United States Miss Mannes says: 'We have the worst bus-system and the rudest drivers of any civilized capital in the world'. During my years in the States I invariably used public transportation and found no reason for complaint. On the contrary. The courtesy and attention received from drivers of long-distance buses remains unequalled. In respect of New York bus drivers I invariably found that their response was determined by one's approach, and most passengers got the response they deserved. When, as a newcomer, I meekly apologized for not tending the exact fare and asked for change, the driver seemed taken aback and retorted: 'But that is

part of my job, buddy'. In my experience civility always met with civility.

Has Miss Mannes ever considered what a New York bus driver has to do? Apart from navigating the vehicle through nightmarish traffic, he must control (open and close) two doors, refuse admission to drunks and disorderlies, see that every passenger pays his fare, give change, sell tokens, and answer trivial questions from a polyglot crowd. New York single-decker buses carry no conductors. No English bus driver would assume a New York bus driver's responsibilities.—Yours, etc.,

Southampton

PHILIP SOMERVILLE

### Diet and Coronary Disease

Sir,—As an Old Thrombosian of long standing and experience, may I hasten to assure fellow Thrombosians, among your readers, who may have seen 'Panorama' on November 28, [in which the relationship of diet to coronary disease was discussed] that they do not have to face a bleak table for the rest of their lives, from which everything worth eating or drinking has been whipped off except a solitary bottle of whisky and some fish.

I had a serious attack of coronary thrombosis in 1956. The pundits said it was due to atheroma in the arteries, which in its turn was due to cholesterol in the blood, which again in its turn was due to the eating of animal and other undesirable fats. For six weeks they put me on a fat-free, egg-free, miserable, tasteless diet. My cholesterol remained exactly as it had been. The pundits explained that there was a five per cent. margin of error in the test and that if the five per cent. had been to one side when the first test was taken, and had then swung round to the other side when the second test was taken, my cholesterol could in fact have gone down by ten per cent. unrevealed in the test.

I refused to be convinced by this shady theory. I revolted, and have been living in a state of happy revolt ever since, eating animal fats, margarine, butter, cream, eggs, and everything else I like. I feel better than I did before, but maybe this is due to the whisky which the pundits furtively recommended. It is the only one of their recommendations I have been acting upon. Of course, these may be my last words. But then, wouldn't that be better than facing for another few years a dismal sight like that of the 'Panorama' table by the time the learned Oxford dietitian had finished with it?—Yours, etc.,

Twickenham

EDWARD ATIYAH

### The Mystery of Palaeolithic Art

Sir,—Sir Herbert Read (*THE LISTENER*, November 10) doubts the existence of 'proper [Palaeolithic] art schools', remarking that: 'Surely the existence of such art schools would have left traces in tentative sketches, and in variations of skill on the same site, and these do not exist'. Surely the pebble bearing many superimposed engravings of animals which illustrates his article is itself material evidence? Large accumulations of such engraved stones have been found, 137 at Limeuil, thousands at Parpalló, showing every stage from the tyro's sketch to the master's study. Such pebbles were undoubtedly the equivalent of art-school slates; a film of dried mud on the stone provided an easy drawing-surface which could be renewed indefinitely by smearing each succeeding draw-



ing with a wet finger. It is hardly possible to place any other interpretation on these objects since any alternative technique would have produced hopeless confusion.

As P. A. Leason has shown (*Med. Biol. Illustr.*, 5, 209 (1956)), Palaeolithic art often commenced with such sketches on stones, made from the posed bodies of dead animals viewed from a convenient eminence; the cliff was as essential as the cave. Such a small engraving of a Bison from La Genière, Ain (now in the Musée de l'Homme), was evidently the prototype of a polychrome painting in Font-de-Gaume, nearly 200 miles away.

Apart from the apparent doodles and lavatorial graffiti in such sites as Combarelles I, superimposition in caves probably occurred for a quite different reason. A successful picture-ritual would lend especially magical and auspicious properties to a particular portion of cave-wall and lead to repetition on the same patch. Such overpainting, and the subsequent obscuration of drawings by kitchen middens in some cases, indicates that the pictures were often disregarded when they had served their purpose; art for art's sake was a later concept.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19 DENYS W. TUCKER

### Sir Walter Scott and Livy

Sir,—Further to Mr. Ogilvie's theories about Sir Walter Scott and Livy, it would be more impressive if his facts were more accurate. Let me give two clear examples. Scott's father was not a 'country attorney'. He was a Writer to the Signet, that is to say he belonged to the leading body of Scottish solicitors, and

he practised in Edinburgh. Scott himself did not 'begin his career as a Clerk of Sessions in Edinburgh'. He was called to the bar in 1792, and was appointed a Principal Clerk of Session in 1806. If that is what Mr. Ogilvie intended to convey he chose an extraordinary way of describing an important office in the Supreme Court of Scotland.

To describe Scott's father as 'incompetent', even if true, is irrelevant, and I doubt whether Mr. Ogilvie understands the social structure of Scotland or its language.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

NORMAN WALKER

Sir,—In Mr. R. M. Ogilvie's talk on 'Sir Walter Scott and Livy' he says: 'But Scott, it must be confessed, was a snob'.

May I be permitted to refute that? Scott was no snob. Mr. Ogilvie need have made no such confession. In the dictionary definition of the word there seems no relation between it and Scott. He did not need to 'ape gentility'. He was gentle. He did not need to cultivate or truckle to those of higher social position. They sought him out. His treatment of Tom Purdie, his ex-poacher coachman and the Buccleuchs was alike. Mr. Ogilvie seems to know little of Scott, the man. Let him read the Journal and Scott's letters, and discover him.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh

A. E. P. SHEPHERD

### Memories of J. S. Mill at Avignon

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of April 28 you published a letter from me in which I asked if some arrangement could not be made by ad-

mirers of J. S. Mill to buy the house at Avignon, where the philosopher lived from 1858 to 1873, and make it into a museum. Unfortunately, in August, the house was bought by the Avignon Chamber of Commerce and is now threatened with destruction. I am in a position to say that it is well built and thoroughly sound.

The house itself is not the only reminder of the philosopher here. The wide avenue leading to the Saint-Véran cemetery, where he is buried with his wife Harriet, bears his name—Boulevard Stuart Mill—and on a small square close by an unofficial bust is a token of gratitude from the local people.

It could be arranged for Mill's herbarium to be on view in the house. A few years ago it was sent back from England to the Avignon Natural History Museum. Mill's fine Empire-style piano, now kept in our Musée du Roure, could be returned, and so could many of the philosopher's own books, at the moment in store. Also it would, no doubt, be possible to obtain from England autographs, letters written at Avignon, and manuscripts of works written at Avignon.

The Académie du Vaucluse recently carried a motion, also adopted by the *Société pour la protection des anciennes demeures et sites intéressants d'Avignon*, as follows:

... That all that can be done should be done to protect and maintain in its present condition and site this house in which were written the works of one of the most famous economists and philosophers of the last century.

Yours, etc.,

Lycée de Jeunes Filles, MARIE BONAFOUS  
Avignon, Vaucluse,  
France

## LESSON 3

THE BRITISH have many quaint customs. These must not be confused with Customs & Excise which are not a bit quaint. One custom was started at Colchester by Old King Cole when he found there was an oyster in the month. He immediately said "RI!" and opened the COLCHESTER FESTIVAL. The drinking of Guinness with oysters has always been a very popular custom.



Altogether in the Floral Dance



The natives are very friendly.

## GUINNESS

### Manners & Customs

THE FLORAL DANCE is danced in the altogether to the sound of the fiddle, cello, big bass drum, etc. Another Cornish custom is pasties which are customarily eaten with Guinness.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH is an ancient piece of bacon which they have been trying to give away for years to people who are happy in spite of being married.



Gathering at Braemar to toss the Guinness.

HOUSEY-HOUSEY is an Old Army Custom. It is done by numbers, and is not at all like Crown & Anchor where players often finish up in the Glass Housey Housey.



Pancake Day—The start of Flat Racing

Wherever you go you get

# GUINNESS

It's a wonderful country!



# Henry Moore at Whitechapel

By KEITH SUTTON

THE EXHIBITION OF Henry Moore's sculptures at the Whitechapel Gallery is confined to works produced during the last decade. The power and quality of it all is undeniable and satisfying and also surprising in a peculiar way. Had Moore died ten years ago everything said then about his stature and significance would have been as true as it is now, but not everything Moore had it in him to make would have been made. We are not used, in this century, to a style which outlives its generic power to alter its appearance but which yet renews its vitality. We respond more readily to an alternative image than to a deepening of the original source.

For the first thing to be said about this exhibition is that it not only contains works which represent most of the various aspects of Moore's creative nature but several which are the finest expression of those motives which he has yet created. Complementary to this satisfying surprise is the impression that the Whitechapel is, for the present, a noble and sombre anteroom to a great museum packed with treasures. We feel at once that all these works of art are in the mainstream of grand historical art—as we know it from museums. We are so accustomed by now to art informing us about things other than art that we tend to approach an art gallery as we used to approach the classroom—prepared for erudition and resigned to the voice of authority; with perhaps, too, a small voice of impiety waiting its chance within us. The combination of aesthetic erudition and authoritative statement is at first overwhelming: the small voice prompts us to reflect that schoolmasters are people who like to be schoolmasters.

The visual association between this exhibition and the Elgin rooms at the British Museum is neither casual nor fortuitous. The allusions to classical forms are explicit in the works, but beyond that there is the feeling, in both places, of agitated confinement, the bringing inside of works conceived out of doors. There is also a sense of disarrangement of style which makes apprehension of that style more acute; the Elgin room shuffles its fragments about in an asymmetrical array of what was, in its original form, a formal concept; the Whitechapel Gallery, with its three upright motives at the end and a certain, but not total, balance of pairs round the central fallen warrior, promotes a desire (which we share with the artist?) to pull them out of this context and give them some

isolated rhetorical prominence in a wild landscape. For Moore's concept of classicism is essentially a romantic one, containing that ambivalence of love and hate which informs the finest mannerist art. It is an inward intensification of subjective feeling projected on to or through forms which once partook of an ideal reality. But not now—the Pygmalion image of

archaic virility seems to communicate directly with him. His works make use of art history but do not interrogate it, they make statements rather than queries. And what they state is monumental and richly complex at the same time. All nature is drawn in—he photographs his own works with his own clouds and trees seemingly at his Olympian command.

The two most recent 'Reclining Figures', in spite of the division into related forms, are the most comprehensive and, in this sense, the most successful of his works to date. They are made of bronze, but in sculptural terms they are both modelled and hewn, as the geological stratification they suggest is both eroded and fractured. The anthropomorphism is so balanced that the play between the human scale and the rock scale is never dissipated by visual adjustment. Their human scale is heroic, so the transposition is almost immediate. This exact coincidence of the two images also precludes a great deal of personal, subjective association on the part of the viewer. Too much personal fantasy would diminish the effect of impersonal grandeur.

These works succeed in combining in one state and situation elements of Moore's aspirations which had previously been stated singly. For one must remember that we do not altogether look at these sculptures with an innocent and trusting eye. Moore gave to modern imagery at least one new and original human image, something which as a sign and a symbol is instantly recognizable—the potato-shaped stone with a hole in it. This could not have had such an effect if it had not touched some deep common response. But as an image it became exploited; it is still being used by some to parody modern art as a whole.

Every work of monumental seriousness and pretension comes close to self-parody, and if it does not contain within itself those elements of human instinct which recognize human fallibility then someone will come along and put a moustache on it. Any significant form which is open to parody must rise above the implications that it is a cliché. Picasso, the other comparable living sculptor, forestalls ridicule by imitation by doing it himself better than his detractors could. He is seemingly more involved in the human predicament than Moore is. His attitude is Promethean rather than Olympian.



'Reclining Figure No. 2' (1960), by Henry Moore; from the exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

embracing an ideal reality is cut short, the fragmentary figures—Warriors, Motives in front of a wall, etc.—often aggressive in their mutilation, forbid actual contact with the broken-off limbs. The fragments are self-annealing, empathy is possible but not overt sympathy.

The various seated and reclining goddesses are by nature indifferent to our presence, making no concessions to identification. They are as stoic as the river gods in Arcady: in their water-flowing draperies their attention is alerted by more primal echoes. For Moore can engage classicism on more than one level. He can use it as a cloak to invoke status for a public work of art. These particular sculptures I find to be rather slenderly felt, great social occasions are eccentric to his aesthetic intentions. On the deepest level his works constantly imply formidable events, but they are concerned with the forces of nature rather than of man. It is as if he were on the side of the gods.

But not all his images are aloof. With the Family Groups, which do not come into this exhibition, the artist has told us that he wants these sculptures to be crawled over, handled, embraced—the artist appealing directly to children for understanding is a recurring feature of the twentieth century.

It is not only Mediterranean paganism to which Moore's work makes reference. Any



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**The White Nile.** By Alan Moorehead.  
Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

Reviewed by ELSPETH HUXLEY

IN PLACE OF OUR T-V.I.P.s, pop-singers, film stars and racing drivers, fans of the later nineteenth century had the African explorer. Hirsute, virile, brave, tough as old boots, quarrelsome, as handy with the pen as the chronometer, these manly figures bestrode the jungle world like a whole group of colossi, vanishing for years on end and reappearing with tales of freakish cannibals, savage kingdoms, lakes bigger than whole civilized countries, hair-breadth escapes and tragic disasters, all on the heroic scale.

What is more, they had a noble cause, the abolition of slavery. Like Prometheus bringing fire from heaven they bore the torch of civilization to the benighted heathen. Sometimes they publicly conducted fascinating quarrels, sometimes they died in the high light of drama: Speke, for instance, accidentally shot on the eve of a debate at Bath on the very existence of Lake Victoria, Gordon massacred within two days of his relief. (Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, an anti-Suez left-winger of his day, 'could not help imagining the way down in the train' to celebrate the glorious news of the fall of Khartoum', with its accompanying massacres.)

Mr. Alan Moorehead's happy idea of knitting together all these compelling stories into a single narrative, not performed since H. H. Johnston's *Nile Quest*, has been carried out with his customary competence, good manners, and unobtrusive scholarship. Even a lesser writer could scarcely have gone wrong with a cast including Livingstone, Stanley, Baker, the Khedive Ismail, Kirk, the Mahdi, Gordon, Emin Pasha and a host of villains like the Arab slavers Tippu Tib and Zobeir Pasha. Mr. Moorehead maintains a satisfying balance between their personal stories, their darkest African journeys, the motives that propelled them forward and the background of history and politics. No re-telling can equal the original day-to-day jottings set down by hands shaking with fever; but then no one nowadays has time to tackle the copious and discursive diaries, journals, and accounts rendered by the great explorers.

Such great moments as when Speke, standing by the Ripon Falls, divined that he had penetrated at last a mystery which had baffled mankind since Herodotus; when Baker, after fantastic hardships, gazed on the blue waters of Lake Albert; or the last poignant scrawls of Gordon as the Mahdi's forces gathered for the kill—these can no more be retold in other words than can the plays of Shakespeare. Wisely, Mr. Moorehead is for the most part content with quotations when he reaches such climactic moments. From a vast mass of material he has picked for us the rich plums which none but African historians could seek today, and presented them in a sound, well-chosen packing of historical fact, decorated with his own observations, always fair and sensible, and garnished with photographs of commanding, rugged males, English and Arab, and chapter-head drawings which, oddly, are anonymous. Perhaps he has

accepted too much at their face value the explorers' estimates of the savagery of the tribes they encountered. Yet savage they were, delighting in cruelty and contemptuous of human life; and Mr. Moorehead reminds us usefully of the appalling ravages of the Arab slave trade that so shocked Livingstone, and depopulated most of eastern Africa. The end of Gordon's efforts to stop it, however pleasing to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, resulted in the death and torture of innumerable human beings until order was restored thirteen years later.

If Mr. Moorehead's White Nile flows past familiar banks and brings no new cargoes, it is a story that comes out fresh at each skilled re-telling, re-creating in our minds the sense of awe and wonder with which our great-grandfathers read Speke's confident pronouncement cabled from Cairo: 'The Nile is settled'. Livingstone, with all his vast experience of Africa, Burton with his genius and flair, both were wrong about the Nile's origins, while the nice but plodding army officer Speke—so dull a man that, despite today's frenzied search for 'a subject', he still lacks a biographer—was right; and the upstart Welsh-American poorboy-journalist *arriviste* Stanley, who was not even nice, proved it.

Some of the footnotes have an almost Gibbonian ring: Wadelai on the Nile was called after a chief so fat that, when he stood upright, a boy could stand on his protruding stomach. Just as slavery came in like the bush when order crumbled, so does the bush itself come in. Wadelai has reverted to thorn-scrub; Gondokoro has gone, Bagamoyo is picturesque tourist-ruin, Ujiji a decayed fishing village. The Nile is mapped, the great names half-forgotten, and now the jungle of lianas, pygmies and okapi is giving way to a scarcely less savage jungle of tribal politics. But the Nile may still have some surprises. It is being colonized by a water-hyacinth that threatens to close it like the papyrus of the Sudd.

**The War at Sea. Vol. III. Part 1**

By Captain S. W. Roskill.

H.M.S.O. 45s.

**The Navy at War, 1939-1945**

By Captain S. W. Roskill. Collins. 30s.

Captain Roskill originally hoped to complete his official history, *The War at Sea*, in three volumes, of which the last would be devoted to the allied offensive after June 1943. If he has been forced by the amount of material to deal with the last twenty-six months of the war in two volumes, of which the first covers the period from June 1943 to June 1944, it is because he has continued his policy of providing a meticulous tactical account of all operations as well as a thorough analysis of their changing strategic background. In this volume, the main themes are the virtual defeat, though not the final elimination, of the U-boats, the frenzied, if localized, battle which surrounded the passing of convoys through the Arctic to Russia, and the three sea-borne assaults—against Sicily, at Salerno and at Anzio—which the Allies launched in the Mediterranean and which culminated in the submission of the Italian Fleet. All are re-

counted down to the most minute operational detail, with the help of German as well as of Allied records; and the book is valuable not only for this completeness but also because the author maintains the impartial and critical standards set in the earlier volumes, their determination to draw lessons and conclusions and their success in portraying the general development of the war.

It remains the case that this volume, like its predecessors, is a technical and difficult work despite its clarity and because of its precision. The general reader is not likely to use it. There have already been one or two one-volume accounts of the British war at sea to meet his needs. Captain Roskill's summary of his own longer work in *The Navy at War*, which was originally written for an American professional public, does not greatly alter the story as they have told it. Though it aims to discuss the strategic as well as the operational side of the naval war, it leans more heavily towards details and operations and less towards general developments—perhaps with the professional American reader in mind. A fresh general statement of the course and conduct, of the principles and problems, and of the lessons of the war at sea would have been more welcome. But the general reader has the satisfaction of knowing that here, at any rate, is the latest and most tested version of the facts; and he will find that it is done with all the vigour and clarity of expression for which Captain Roskill has become well known.

F. H. HINSLEY

**Max Weber. An Intellectual Portrait.**

By Reinhard Bendix. Heinemann. 30s.

**The City.** By Max Weber. Translated and Edited by Don Martindale and Gertrud Neuwirth. Heinemann. 21s.

The English-speaking world has been slow to recognize the genius of Max Weber. Most of us have heard of his *Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, which gave birth to a lively controversy and was the inspiration behind R. H. Tawney's *Religion and The Rise of Capitalism*; but apart from this one book he has remained little more than a name. This neglect is not altogether surprising. On the whole we do not take kindly to Germanic thinking with its categorization and conceptualization; and Weber, bursting with ideas and ever impatient to move forward, cast it all down on paper in long, involved sentences, without much concern for style or form. Most of his work, moreover, was thrown together unrevised, after his early death in 1920, and has to be dug out piecemeal from the massive, undigested volumes of his collected essays; the sense, the purpose, the inter-connexion, are not immediately visible on the surface. For that reason alone our debt to Reinhard Bendix is great. His 'intellectual portrait' gives us for the first time a consistent and wholly satisfactory picture of the sequence of Weber's ideas and the development of a great intellect. It is a rewarding, if not an easy book; and its publication makes plain—even for those already familiar with his writings—the



enduring value of Weber's sociological thinking.

Weber has a unique position among the founders of modern sociology. Sociologists of the first generation, like Comte and Spencer, had given the subject a bad name; exuberant, and inaccurate, they were over-confident and unmethodical. Weber's strict intellectual discipline established its credentials. On the other hand, he was far removed from his American contemporaries who, to avoid the charge of dilettantism, reduced sociology to a science (or is it a pseudo-science?) of measurement, statistics, surveys and samples. Weber's basic attitude was far more subtle. His mind ranged over the borderline between ideas and economics and conduct, emphasizing 'the importance of ideas for an understanding of economic behaviour' and the importance of 'the social foundation of such ideas if they were to have an effect upon man's conduct'.

This fruitful co-ordination between subjects usually kept rigorously separate was already apparent in *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, which Weber published in 1905. This essay was one root of all his future work. The other, going back to still earlier work on social conditions in eastern Germany, was his preoccupation with the problem of power. Too often it has been thought that *The Protestant Ethic* was intended to demonstrate a causal relationship between protestantism and capitalism. That was not Weber's position. What he was investigating, rather, was (in his own words) 'certain elective affinities', and he was always careful to avoid suggesting that protestantism was more than one among many institutions furthering the development of capitalism. Hence he now proceeded to widen his work in two respects: first, by elaborate studies of the social connotations of other religions, in China and India and ancient Palestine, to determine why they did not lead in the same direction; and secondly, by investigating other western institutions—cities, currency, legal practices, and the like—which, like protestantism, might have influenced the growth of 'ideas and habits that favour a rational pursuit of economic gain'.

This is the context in which, sometime between 1911 and 1913, Weber wrote *The City*. Since puritanism did not create but simply reinforced tendencies to adopt a new attitude towards economic gain, it was necessary to pin down those factors which turned the urban population of sixteenth-century Europe into a 'ready-made' audience for the doctrines of the protestant reformers. One of these, Weber held, was the character of the city as it developed in western Europe after Roman times; and the purpose of his book is to show, by comparison with urban settlements in the Orient and the Near East and by contrast with the ancient *polis*, not only what is unique about the western city but also how, unlike other urban types, it provided the 'social context' for the 'rational and innerworldly ethic' which was the mark of protestantism.

*The City* is one of Weber's slighter writings, and passes over in silence the problems of urban civilization in the twentieth century. Nevertheless, these problems were never far from Weber's mind and come out strongly in all that he wrote on the question of power in the modern state. Probably Weber believed that the city, as he defined it, was destined to lose its characteristic structure under the pressures of the modern

world. What he saw of the German urban middle-class after 1890 made him profoundly pessimistic; and the very fact that the essence of his life-work was to define and explain, by comparison or by analysis, the distinguishing characteristics of western civilization, meant that he had a sharp eye for the flaws in western society.

This found expression, in one of his earliest writings, in his strictures on the Prussian Junkers; it found expression, at the end of his life, in his forebodings over the growth of bureaucracy in a centrally planned society. Universal bureaucratization, as the answer to the complexity of modern government and to the popular demand for order and economic security, was for Weber the symbol of a cultural transformation that would affect all phases of modern life. Whether the result would be a 'parcelling-out of the soul' was another question.

Certainly this was what Weber feared; but here, as elsewhere, he kept an open mind. Like commercialization and like the power of the Prussian Junkers, bureaucracy (he thought) both destroyed and created cultural values, and, indeed, it tended to do both at the same time. What its effects would be depended on the strength of other factors in the situation, particularly parliamentary government. For Weber parliamentary government, including an organized working class, was the most effective bulwark against bureaucratic absolutism as well as against mob rule. His analysis of democracy and particularly of democratic leadership is free from all illusions; but it is sound and practical, and still an unsurpassed introduction to modern politics.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

### Shooting at Sharpeville: The Agony of South Africa. By Ambrose Reeves, Bishop of Johannesburg. Gollancz. 18s.

Dr. Reeves stood for over ten years in the front line of Christendom. The experience changed him from a conventional Anglican priest into a militant crusader. He saw evil at close quarters and fought against it with all his might.

His account of the tragic incident which occurred at Sharpeville, the Transvaal, on March 21 of this year deserves to be studied, not least for the horrible but revealing photographs which illustrate the text and go far to corroborate his version of what actually happened. It seems probable that the crowd which assembled outside the Sharpeville police station was much smaller and very much more docile than the police have alleged, and that it was given no warning to disperse. What is certain is that sixty-nine people were killed (including eight women and ten children) and 180 wounded (including thirty-one women and nineteen children), and that nearly three-quarters of the victims were shot in the back. These facts and figures speak for themselves.

The Bishop rightly emphasizes that Sharpeville was only the climax of a process which has been going on for years. The unprecedented feature of it was that it caught the attention and aroused the indignation of the whole civilized world. Its impact upon outside opinion owes much to the quick reactions and determined efforts of the Bishop himself and a few white

helpers in the days immediately following the tragedy.

It may be that the book went to press too soon after the Bishop's abortive attempt to return to his diocese to allow him time to revise his conclusion, which has a benign woolliness more worthy of Dr. Buchman than of Dr. Reeves: '...out of that evil event good may yet come if those in South Africa turn from the bitterness of the past, believing that God has some better thing in store...', etc. Had the Bishop been permitted to resume his duties such blameless imprecision might have been justified. But he has been deported. Moreover, the Verwoerd Government must now feel, after the recent plebiscite, that it has the support of a majority of white South Africans. There is no evidence whatever that it intends to 'turn from the bitterness of the past'.

One further criticism must be made. On page 55 Dr. Reeves remarks that the Government's tactics, before Sharpeville, of 'silencing and crippling the effective leadership of the African National Congress, which is committed to a policy of non-violence', while leaving the rival Pan-African Congress free to continue its activities 'unchecked', were 'fraught with immense dangers'. And he even states that 'events at Sharpeville only too clearly demonstrated' how well-founded were his misgivings. The clear implication is that the Pan-Africanists were violent agitators and that the Sharpeville massacre would have been avoided if the crowd had been organized by the A.N.C. rather than by the P.A.C.

Yet in his subsequent narrative he repeatedly insists that the African demonstration at Sharpeville was peaceful and that the leaders of it gave firm instructions that it should be non-violent. It would seem, therefore, that he has cast an unnecessary and no doubt unintentional slur upon the P.A.C. Dr. Reeves has had close and cordial relations with the A.N.C., and Chief Luthuli has written a foreword to his book. But I cannot believe that he would wish to be unfair to the P.A.C., whose complete innocence at Sharpeville he himself asserts.

ALTRINCHAM

### Hired to Kill. By John Morris.

Hart-Davis and Cresset Press. 25s.

This labourer, as he assures us, was not worthy of his hire. Even on the Somme, as recalled in a chapter that epitomizes the war that the Sassoons and the Aldingtons have handed down to us, we cannot be sure that Mr. Morris directly took life, despite the classical instruction in the nice conduct of a bayonet. Drawing his loaded revolver against charging Mahsuds on the North-West Frontier in 1921, 'although I pointed the weapon I was incapable of pulling the trigger'. Mr. Morris hardly knows how he came out of that encounter, nor indeed how or why he remained an officer throughout the period of his life covered by this volume. We take leave of him as a Major in the Indian Army, entering a Swiss T.B. sanatorium with no clear prospects of cure, after taking part in the first Everest expedition and a good deal of Himalayan exploration, besides surviving the long trance of life in a military hill-station. If he had been honest, he writes, he would have resigned his commission in a service for which he had no natural competence. But some things—learning Indian languages, for instance—he obviously did





## Writers and Critics

All these four deserve to be read widely . . . any one would serve as a model of how to do it."

JOHN WAIN in *The Observer*

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etter than most. Army history, and notably the old India, is peopled with egregious figures who—whatever Swift said about being red to kill—discharged their debt with numismatics or hydrography, the negotiation of treaties, the identification of the blue poppy. Mr. Morris, in a prose that is faintly old-fashioned, joins their company.

But there were not many Rousseaus among them. The impulse of self-exposure lies behind the book which, in chapters on the high places of Hunza and the Sinkiang frontier, Sikkim and Tibet, is plain good travel-writing on rewarding objects. The shedding of reserve in matters of equal attitudes and experience is a contemporary convention which Mr. Morris accepts in a rather touching way; but that is not, by itself, an act of revelation. The sensitive reader may feel himself extending a hand, only to find the writer turning almost imperceptibly away to introduce someone standing just behind him, an Everest climber, a Gurkha with *khukri* raised over the sacrifice, something faceless in a mess-socket, or a *memsahib* of *memsahibs*.

The fact is that what we are wanting to know is how, after all this, John Morris reached the desk of Controller of the B.B.C. Third Programme, via Japan and another world war. Or that, following a current publishing fashion, we have to await a second volume. In response to music, in voracious reading, and in a lack of self-directing energy, there are hints of the circuitous path. But in the meantime, how will the hero escape from the sanatorium? Mr. Morris, it should be said, seems engagingly to share our curiosity.

FRANCIS WATSON

Wallace Stevens: by Frank Kermode.  
T. S. Eliot: by G. S. Fraser.  
Robert Graves: by J. M. Cohen.  
Henry James: by D. W. Jefferson.  
Writers and Critics Series; Oliver  
and Boyd. 3s. 6d. each.

critics make criticism; but criticism, not to be outdone, makes critics. It is a self-multiplying system. And if one wished to be cynical one could suppose that the chief function of this new series was to provide yet another columnarium of pigeon-holes for the books about books that pour in ever-increasing spate from our second-handers. Such cynicism is not wholly unprovoked. With rare exceptions the validity of critical works exists only in respect to their relations to the works of creativity upon which they depend. One is then entitled to ask two questions. Does this critical work attempt to replace the creative work, to offer itself as a sufficient and more desirable substitute for it? And, if not, is the implication at any rate that the critical work is a necessary supplement and that the creative work should only be approached through it?

If one has to answer the first question with a horrified Yes, then it seems to me to damn that particular work without appeal—and this happens more often than the innocent might suppose. As for the second, we may look at the writers here considered. One of them (I believe most readers would agree) really is probably best approached by means of a critical study, and that is Wallace Stevens. Indeed he is one of the very few writers, of this or of any earlier age, of whom this may reasonably be

affirmed: for, exceptionally, his work constitutes something of a closed system, referring less frequently to 'life' outside it than back inwards upon itself. It is like a code that is impenetrable until a few letters or words have been solved, and then all is seen rapidly to fall into place. To this extent, therefore, Mr. Kermode has started with this advantage over his fellow-critics, that his book is certainly more essential than theirs. And he has risen most admirably to the situation, interpreting with tact and acumen; his study can be recommended with every confidence as both useful and readable.

Of the others, perhaps Mr. Fraser alone has tackled his assignment in the most profitable way, treating his familiar subject not *ex cathedra* with abstract and impersonal judgments but in a designedly individual, human, and fallible way. His study is an essay in autobiography as well as in literary criticism: this, in effect, he tells us, is what Pound has meant to me, this is what he looks like from where I am sitting. In the hands of an egotist this method could be intolerable; but Mr. Fraser is notably receptive and undogmatic and the result is in every way worthy of this subtle and humane critic.

Mr. Cohen began with an advantage and disadvantage combined, the curious fact that his is the first extended study to be made of Graves (however did all the other second-handers come to miss it?). It is also Mr. Cohen's first detailed examination of a single writer. This marriage of virgins has, however, led to less than the expected nuptial bliss. The critic has been far too unselective, feeling it his duty apparently to quote and comment upon as many items from Mr. Graves's voluminous poetic output as he could. The result is far too reminiscent of a catalogue to an art gallery. And the necessary brevity of his own remarks is not enhanced by the weakness or pedestrian nature of their content. Comment such as

*King Jesus* was published as a novel and, were its story told of a self-deluded preacher of another name, though less deft than *I Claudius*, it would count as a well-written but rather digressive historical tale,

for example, cannot itself count as well-written, and as criticism fails to earn its place on a restricted page.

The trouble with writing about James is that he has already done it himself, once and for all. Mr. Jefferson is undaunted, however, and emerges without discredit from an unhelpful assignment.

HILARY CORKE

### The Crowded Sky

Edited by Neville Duke and E. Lanchbery. Cassell. 30s.

It is a little surprising to realise how few anthologies of flying have been compiled considering the importance and scope of the subject. There has been a continuous stream of absorbing literature, reportage, and technical writing since the eighteenth century on prophecies and aerial achievements of all kinds; yet only two or three notable anthologies have been published until the present work appeared. The editors have also produced a notable book, in some respects; but in many ways a disappointing one. Many memorable accounts have been brought together, some of them little known, but they are arranged in a loose, not-very-helpful framework. In a book of this size (over 400 pages), one would

have expected to find not only memorable passages, but some sort of comprehensive coverage of all the important ideas and events from the Middle Ages to the present day. Unfortunately the editors have concentrated on too many long passages rather than mixing long and short, and giving a larger and truer survey of flight by its contemporary partakers or onlookers. It is a pity, too, that some of the great men of aviation history are not quoted in their own words, and other people's descriptions of them have been included instead. There is no word, for example, from Lilienthal, Langley, Pilcher or Zeppelin to mention a few; and the first cross-Channel balloon flight is not described in the delightful words of Jeffries, who flew in the balloon.

But, most astonishing of all omissions, there is not a single quotation from, or about, Sir George Cayley who, after all, single-handedly invented the modern aeroplane concept, and had some wonderful things to say about both heavier-than-air and lighter-than-air flight, apart from being one of the giants of technological history. And there is only one modest quotation from the Wright brothers; and nothing about them by other writers.

C. H. GIBBS-SMITH

Isabel Fry. By Beatrice Curtis Brown.  
Arthur Barker. 21s.

Isabel Fry, sister to Roger and Margery, broke away from home to become a teacher. After experimental classes in London she eventually set up on her own and during the first world war opened a 'farm school' at Mayortone Manor in Buckinghamshire. Many of her pupils are now well-known names.

She was a born teacher, not only in the sense that knowledge delighted her and she felt impelled to pass it on, but also in that she had abundant invention, unflinching drive, and a devotion to children that was largely compounded of 'ironic respect'. But what made her also a 'great' teacher—a claim which the author makes in the sub-title—were her striking and varied personal qualities. From this memoir by one of her pupils, supported by reminiscences from others and fragments of autobiography, Isabel Fry emerges clear-cut and astonishing. She is a square, bronzed woman with steel-rimmed spectacles, completely concealing behind outward good health a permanent and painful trouble in her spine. One night she goes out to attend to the birth of a calf, and on another to deliver an illegitimate baby. With blunt fingers she skilfully cures the skin of a dead bird. With ruthless scorn she attacks imprecision in thought or sloppy living. She listens humbly to a child's criticism of her teaching of arithmetic.

Perhaps her most endearing quality is her honesty. Despite her Quaker lineage she could not approve Quaker pacifism in the first war nor Quaker readiness to forgive the national enemy after it. Towards the end of her life she wrote: 'It is certainly a serious thing to encourage evil by a weak refusal to condemn it. I don't think there is a name for this sin, but it ought to have one, for it might not be easily recognized'.

There are too few books about great woman teachers; this one is written with restraint and a scholarly care worthy of its subject.

KATHLEEN GIBBERD



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Views and Interviews

YOU DID NOT HAVE to be a Catholic, I suggest, to be disappointed that the Pope could not accept the invitation to appear in 'Report from the Vatican' on December 1. There must be many non-Catholics besides myself who would have liked to see and hear, in more intimate focus than the newsreel cameras allow, a man who started life as a peasant and became the spiritual head of millions.

Though the Pope did not take part (the reason given was the eminently tactful one that he did not wish to appear to be taking advantage of the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to him to talk directly to the British people), Cardinal



'Report from the Vatican': Cardinal Agagianian and (right) His Holiness Pope John XXIII in a filmed scene used to illustrate his love of contact with the people

John Cura

Tardini did, and he is the Holy See's Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary; and so did Cardinal Agagianian, who went to the same school as Stalin in Georgia; and so did Monsignor Thomas Ryan, whose Irish accent was a welcome familiar sound in a strange environment.

I found the half-hour that we spent with



Christopher Chataway talking to a builder in 'The Barriers', the first programme in the series 'Challenge to Prosperity'

Hywel Davies and Robert McKenzie inside the Vatican full of interest and much too short. The organization and administration of that unique State may be held to be of no concern to non-Catholics but, to the extent that Catholicism is still a force to be reckoned with in the world, it is presumably of some concern to all of us.

Robert McKenzie asked his questions in forceful, no-nonsense manner. His clipped Canadian voice was a good foil for Hywel Davies's deeper, musical Welsh. The answers McKenzie was given were not always as revealing of Catholic attitudes and principles as *Radio Times*, in its announcement of the programme, had led us to hope, and in fact little was said that even non-Catholics did not know. But then Cardinal Tardini is a diplomat as well as a cardinal.

Hywel Davies's voice is, to my mind, one of the most sympathetic on television, and I should



guess that it springs from a genuinely sympathetic nature—not such a common attribute of television reporters as might be expected but surely one of the most valuable.

With 'Challenge to Prosperity' (December 2) we were on an altogether more material plane. This was the first of a four-part inquiry by Christopher Chataway, M.P., into the forces that are working against a rate of increase in our standard of living comparable with the rates in many other European countries. These forces are, Chataway suggested, die-hard attitudes of mind on the part of management and labour to new ideas, new methods, new machines.

The first instalment being largely introductory, comment must await a further one or two parts but, as a first thought, I wondered whether too much was not made of the apparently reactionary views of some master-builders. What with this and Robert Reid's indictment of them for their poor standards of work



Brendan Behan in 'Meet the Quare Fella'

John Cura

in one of his 'Enquiry' programmes some weeks ago, the builders have had a rough time of it on television recently. So far as our future prosperity is concerned I should have thought that slackness in house building and in road-making, the other branch of the industry touched on, would have been of less direct consequence than slackness in any of the export industries, or in shipbuilding, or in the docks.

The remainder of the documentary television week consisted mainly in the presentation of four very different men, each with something personal and special to say to us and all of them good company. There was Mr. Victor Gollancz ('Face to Face', November 27), whose white hair, twinkling eyes, and elaborate meerschaum-type pipe gave him a benignity which somehow seemed at odds with those lurid yellow and-black or red dust jackets he wraps his books in. Nor was this discrepancy the only sign of inner conflicts not entirely resolved in what is obviously a complicated personality.

In contrast, and unexpectedly, in view of his reputation for buffoonery, with its implications of Freudian neuroses and inhibitions, Mr. Brendan Behan ('Meet the Quare Fella', November 29) seemed remarkably uncomplicated. High spirits and an occasional glass too many are, it seems, the straightforward explanation of his conduct. His habit of dissolving into silent laughter at the mere thought of what he is about to tell you was one of several amusing mannerisms that must have endeared him to thousands of viewers who had possibly formed a quite different impression of him from the newspaper stories. He bothered to reply to some of the points raised only because, I felt, his questioner was Eamonn Andrews, and he did not want to let a fellow-countryman down.

Federico Fellini, the Italian film producer, responded for different reasons to Derek Prouse's admiring, but astute, interrogation ('A Film Profile', November 30); and thereby enabled us to discern something of the temperament and philosophy behind the cynicism of 'La Dolce Vita'; and Mr. Stanley Matthews, footballer extraordinary, resigned himself with dignity to the undignified process of being lionized more normally associated with 'This Is Your Life' ('Behind the Name', December 2).

PETER POUND

## DRAMA

### A Brilliant Serial

SERIALS ARE to a greater extent than perhaps we realize the spinal column on which the massive frame of television hangs. Mostly the serials are thrillers or adventure stories;



asionally, as in the case of the continually interesting and viewable *Barnaby Rudge* (Friays), adaptations from popular novels; but rarely are they more substantial in quality, or prepared to take a larger sweep of canvas to paint boldly some of the problems of the human agony.

I am not grumbling. Viewers are a vast and gracious body with every right to expect, by and large, a diet that suits them. All the same do regret that it is necessary for me, and, I hope, others to turn to Children's television on Sundays in order to find the great story of the birth of Christianity being expounded. This subject, surely even today, holds a universal interest, and one capable of being discussed, albeit in terms of a serial such as this hilarious reconstruction of the New Testament, in adult and appropriate visual terms. In any case, Miss Joy Harington's production, despite its simple approach in matters of argument and philosophical content, is the reverse of negligible. It treats with unquenchable influence on western ideology. I am not discussing this presentation from the religious angle, though I am rather in favour of a combination of the implicit and explicit for conveying the essentials of the Christian idea to us. But in visual terms, in narration, the concentration of the multiplicity of interests from which early Christianity gained its strength, in the unleashing within

large and most satisfactory cast leads inevitably to injustice, but Mr. Patrick Troughton's strong refulgent Paul and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald's patient quizzical Peter are beautifully characterized.

Their attributes of kindness, humanity and toleration were certainly not to be found in any form in the make-up of Professor White, played by Mr. William Devlin with an implacable enmity so unrelenting that it fitted the part like a skin, in John Van Druten's *The Druid Circle* on

that we were in 'reality' in the 'enemy' camp, lost most of its paradoxical force when it came, since we had never sufficiently been shown ourselves as others might see us. Had this been done and the arguments been played fairly between one side and the other, instead of, as here, flatly bull-headed at one another, an absorbing play might have resulted.

Within the limited scope at its disposal the acting was sound with a well-controlled show of nerves from Mr. Maurice Denham as the paterfamilias, and a humorous inflexible performance by Mr. Robert Urquhart as the killers' leader. Mr. Gerard Glaister, interpolating much exterior film, produced a passable imitation of a Chicago gang film, as good a way as any of treating this particular play.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, Jnr.

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Man of Blood?

IT IS A BRAVE dramatist who takes as his subject a principal historical figure whose memory can still inspire love and hate. He can be sure that the name will catch a first attention, but must be prepared to have half his audience argumentatively reciting its prejudices once he has taken sides. Cromwell is still alive as a divider of opinions, political, religious, and temperamental, even in company which includes no Irishmen or Royalists. There can be no serious argument

about his stature or intelligence, but his character and virtue are open themes.

Ian Rodger took an even greater risk with *Cromwell at Drogheda* (Home, November 28) by presenting his hero in the course of an action which his most fervent admirers find hard to justify. It made a vigorous, rousing play stuffed with paradox and bad blood, and liable to cause controversy equally in public bars and senior common rooms. As a regretful Roundhead I frequently wanted to interrupt the proceedings on a point of order, but was never bored. There is good reason to suppose that Cromwell organized an army of 'godly men' efficiently because the times required it, and with no love of war for its own sake. He was tolerant and could also take ugly decisions. The killing of prisoners at Drogheda was one of the ugliest, and Mr. Rodger presented his man of decision trying to avoid making a choice and then being swept into an insane rage of righteous vengeance.

Whether this is true to history or not I don't know. The recording of the mixed motives, psychosomatic disorders, and possible sense of guilt of military commanders is documentarily weak even in our garrulous times. This Cromwell had more modern sensibility than I could fully believe in. In civil war especially, you must be very sure of the wickedness of your enemy; and when Cromwell distinguished between the Irish people and their leaders, it sounded too like the propagandist refinements of our own war. Modern parallels were indeed the weakness of this play, particularly when the language skidded into present-day demotic speech. Of course costume-talk or consistently biblical magniloquence would have been equally wrong, but too many shifts of style and period feeling shatter illusion. Sir Donald Wolfitt was wholly admirable as a fury, as a scornor of committees and paper-shufflers, and as a commander. He was less good as a melancholy, conscience-ridden fellow with a



Scene from *The Druid Circle*, with (left to right) Terence Longdon as Maddox, Emrys James as Tom Lloyd-Ellis, Anita Morgan as Megan Lewis, William Devlin as Professor White, and Mary Jones as Mrs. Maddox



the *Assassins*, with (left to right) Thomas Heathcote and Robert Urquhart as the Strangers, and Maurice Denham as the Father

the Mediterranean landscape of the more puritanical northern winds which have tempered and hardened the original concept—this is a brilliant amalgamation of historical perspective with practical present-day truths.

From the beautifully photographed heat-zeal clarity of the southern landscape, with the heavy shadows of the olive groves in stabbing contrast to the eye-blinding virginity of the architecture and paralleling in concrete images the harsh struggle taking place beneath their unflinching gaze, one really experiences the pulsing excitement of something vital being created, of the euphoria that the birth of a long and passionately awaited heir encourages.

To single out any particular member of the

December 3. The drama was a condemnation, at times bitter, of the desiccating, dehumanizing processes that teaching in the higher academic reaches may involve. The unloving cruelty, the jests with a sour centre, the aggrandizement concealed but never entirely suppressed, that the inbreeding of scholastic institutions encourage were all accurately exposed as for a Sunday tabloid or as clinically as in a case history.

From the theme the dramatist skilfully built a strong, plausible drama, cunningly shot through with sentiment, humour, and tension. I invariably admire Van Druten's stagecraft: moments there are when the sentiment appears out of control: practically without fail he gets away with it,

and sometimes, as at the unexpected meeting of the young lovers, it becomes straight and true and touching, so that the play suddenly acquires a depth it really doesn't deserve to be credited with.

Less adept, dramaturgically speaking, was Mr. Lindsay Hardy, though his *The Assassins* (Sunday) had the advantage of a story appallingly familiar to all of us today. A straightforward, moderately exciting thriller, especially in its middle sequences, it skirmished with the East-West differences and the philosophy and code of the patriotic assassin. Unfortunately it never squared up to this aspect of its theme, and the disclosure, already used with a master's dexterity by Mr. Noël Coward in *Peace in Our Time*,



troublesome stomach. Carleton Hobbs made a fine pedantic Welsh fanatic; and Philip Morant as Ireton was impressively young, patient, and understanding. The Irish characters who mainly had to suffer and resent—which must be horribly difficult to play—did so skilfully. Robin Midgley produced the battle extremely well and was wise to take the rather shaky ending quietly and slowly.

I can say little about Harold Pinter's *The Dwarfs* (Third, December 2) because, while listening to it, I had only the very faintest glimmering of a notion of what was happening to whom and why. Reading the script afterwards, I thought I knew what Mr. Pinter was up to, but that doesn't count. This is very bothering, because *A Night Out* by the same author was wonderfully good radio. The three people in *The Dwarfs* were at any given moment lucid enough, much as surrealist painters used to be precise in detail and academically realistic, but they were dealing with subconscious matters into which my subconscious had no insight. Sorry.

*The Medallion* by Jeffrey Segal (Home, November 26) was a boggy-tale about the possibility of nazis and fascists who had gone underground at the end of the war getting together again. It would have been more scaring and a more effective call to vigilance against that old nightmare if so much had not depended upon Hitler leaving his international list of heirs engraved on a single St. Christopher medal. Mad though he was . . . Nevertheless it was a fair enough melodrama, with a pleasant family of English fusspots as heroes assisted by a leftist Spanish matador and pursued by the worst possible baddies.

The detective story, against all probability, seems to be coming back to radio. *Personal Call* by Agatha Christie (Light, November 29) worked as neatly as those alarm clocks which also serve you with a cup of tea. It also did a bit of dodgy problem-solving of the sort psychologists allege that the mind does in sleep. And it only cheated, supernaturally, a little bit. It seemed, you see, as though a ghost was using the telephone service. Confident that neither the P.M.G., the powers above, nor Miss Christie would permit this, one waited, and the disclosure was suitably remarkable. Detecting dons broke out in *The Moving Toyshop* by Edmund Crispin (Home, December 3) in an Oxford crowded with eccentrics and villains. The clever academics quoted Lewis Carroll with offensive frequency and should also have been run in for amateurishly messing about with police business. But an undergraduate who attributed his success with women to 'calming their fears and giving them sweet things to eat' almost made the sillier nonsense forgivable.

FREDERICK LAWS

## THE SPOKEN WORD



### Learning from Broadcasts

HOSPITALS, LIKE CONVENTS, inspire us with awe and curiosity. They alarm us slightly and mystify us greatly. A hospital, to many of us, is Emergency Ward 10, peopled by a team of Walter Mittys: strong, silent men (as a surgeon suggested the other evening) with piercing eyes (inevitably blue) and long, delicate fingers. It is an excellent thing to show us a hospital as it is; and the portrait of the Middlesex Hospital (Home Service, November 29) was a useful piece of work. It was not a wholly satisfying documentary, for we only heard two patients, we heard nothing at all of the matron, and we were left in mid-air when the programme ended; one felt that if a tape-recorder had been taken round a ward, or, briefly, into the operating theatre, it would have heightened the general effect. All the same,

'*Hospital at Work*,' narrated by a house physician, did introduce a number of the hospital hierarchy, from ambulance driver and nurse to consultant. It gave us a summary of individual tasks, and showed us something more important than facts: the spirit of dedication of a great teaching hospital.

Talking of teaching, all of us are astonished, from time to time, by the imagination and freshness, the aptness and felicity, of children's speech. They say, instinctively, the things we could not discover with any amount of degrees in Eng. Lit., any quantity of black coffee or burning of midnight oil. They are our delight and envy; they are also our instructors, and they teach us much about the Spoken Word. 'Children's Language' (Third Programme, November 30) was such a 'natural' for broadcasting that we only wondered why we hadn't heard it earlier. It was the first of a quartet of features on 'The Lore and Language of School-children', and was based on extensive research in England and Wales; it was a fascinating glimpse into the closed world of childhood, where the speech and humour, customs and beliefs of earlier centuries are unwittingly kept alive. This was a documentary with a difference, and I look forward to the programmes still to come.

One series that must demand a great deal from its producer is 'Tonight's Short Story'; but the story I heard (Home Service, December 1) was a far from satisfactory choice. 'The Bull Broke Loose' might have been a delicious companion-piece to 'The Night the Bed Fell'; it turned out to be the dreariest series of rustic jokes about village yokels and absent-minded vicars, and only the verve of Joan Plowright could have swept it along. Mary Wimbush read it with an uneasy Barseshire accent, and an entire lack of conviction.

Since we are discussing series, I must admit that for months I have felt like a cat on hot bricks at the mere thought of 'Comment'. The last time I heard it, in September, I felt really angry at this gross waste of Third Programme time. One cannot hang out enough flags to greet the idea of a second programme on the arts; but the speakers were inept, the subjects trivial, and the programme needed a supercharge to send it on its way. I switched on 'Comment' in trepidation (Third Programme, December 1); and, thank goodness, something had happened at last. Mr. Basil Taylor gave a thoughtful appreciation of Wilson Steer, and Mr. Maurice Cranston reviewed Robbe-Grillet with aplomb. I don't think sopranos should be told, in nation-wide broadcasts, that they ought to keep off bread and potatoes, but otherwise the criticism of Bush's opera, *Men of Blackmoor*, seemed competent enough.

In an age of specialization, it is all too easy to be incompetent: to know everything about Rostand and nothing at all about low temperature physics. We need to be reminded that learning is not divisible, that fields of knowledge cannot be fenced off: indeed we should be encouraged to trespass. In 'Imagination in Art and Science' (Home Service, November 29), the retiring President of the Royal Society related 'the two cultures'. It was the poorest broadcast talk I have listened to for months. It was based, we were told, on part of an address delivered in Manchester earlier this year\*; why could it not be something new for radio? It was long-winded, it was also badly delivered. The blame for all this should go, one supposes, to the unknown producer, who failed to understand two cardinal points: a broadcast talk should sound like a talk, and it should be intelligible. The most distinguished people may need to learn how to broadcast; and the public may learn much more from a less distinguished person who can get his ideas across. At a time

when the criticism of the Spoken Word is carping or non-existent, I regret every comment I have to make. But this comment must be made, for such ineptitude is a gift to those who speak of 'the dying medium'.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

## MUSIC



### Britten and Mahler

THE WEEK's broadcasting was marked by two musical events of more than ordinary interest—the first performance in this country of Benjamin Britten's *Cantata Academica*, and Mahler's 'Resurrection' Symphony conducted by Lorin Maazel, a young Dutch-American conductor now making his first appearance in England. Britten's *Cantata* (Third Programme, November 29) was composed for the five-hundredth anniversary of the University of Basle, and had its first performance there last summer. The text, in Latin, has been compiled by Bernard Wyss from documents describing various aspects of the university's activities or singing the praises of the city of Basle. It was therefore appropriate that the *Cantata* should have its first performance in England at an English university, and that that university should be Cambridge which recently bestowed upon Britten an honorary doctorate in music. It was given a splendidly lively performance by the choir and orchestra of the Cambridge University Musical Society, conducted by the composer, with Jennifer Vyvyan, Helen Watts, Peter Pears, and Owen Brannigan as soloists.

The most remarkable thing about the *Cantata Academica* is its completely unacademic character. It is true that the composer indulges in all sorts of scholastic devices, such as fugue and canon, and that its thirteen sections are constructed according to a strict tonal plan derived from a 'series', but the total effect is one of absolute spontaneity, and the music is never for a moment dull. Unlike many less accomplished musicians, Britten carries his learning lightly, and in this *Cantata* has shown once again his extraordinary capacity for making technical virtuosity and sheer musicality run smoothly in harness together. But the work not only has charm; it has immense vitality and originality, with the accent perhaps more on youthful high spirits than on the purely academic aspects of university life, despite the erudition and technical accomplishment displayed in the score. And herein no doubt lies the secret of the music's immediate appeal.

The C.U.M.S. orchestra also played under Britten's direction the Purcell *Chaconne* in G minor, and a beautiful and intriguing work by Frank Bridge, which made one realize how unjustly this composer has been neglected since his death in the early years of the last war. This Ophelia 'Impression', bearing as a sub-title the quotation 'There is a willow grows aslant a brook', dates from 1928 and was once given as a ballet by the Camargo Society. Scored for a small orchestra with the composer's customary skill and feeling for instrumental colour (Bridge was always a fine craftsman), the work with its Debussy-ish overtones and modern-sounding harmonies shows real imagination and fell most agreeably upon the ear. The Cambridge choir and orchestra also acquitted themselves most creditably in Mozart's 'Coronation' Mass, which was given under the direction of David Willcocks.

The other big event of the week was the memorable performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 2 in C minor (the 'Resurrection') in which the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Chorus and Choral Society were conducted by Lorin Maazel (Home Service, November 30). This young conductor, who had not been heard before in Eng-

\* The talk is published on page 1044





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is obviously prodigiously gifted. The orchestra played as if inspired, and one could almost feel the galvanic current emanating from the conductor and infusing life and energy into every note of this extraordinary symphony. Indifferently, much of this gargantuan music would be unbearable to listen to; but Mr. Maazel somehow contrived to make the whole thing sound, altogether convincing, at least impressive, while avoiding sensationalism, extracted from the music the last ounce of dramatic and emotional fervour which the composer had poured into it. The choral section at the end was admirably well-timed and a special word of praise is due to the fine Veasey (mezzo) and Maureen

Forrester (contralto) who sang their respective solos most impressively, with an air of deep devotion which in the context sounded absolutely right.

There was a disappointment in store for listeners to the 'Thursday Invitation Concert' (Third, December 1) for the harmonium needed for what was going to have been the first performance in England of Schönberg's early *Herzgewächse* had broken down, and no other could be found in time. However a gramophone record was broadcast so we were able to hear this little curiosity (a setting of a poem by Maeterlinck), scored for soprano celesta, harmonium, and harp, an ensemble which gave rise to some curious sonorities, the voice part lying

mainly in the highest register. Motets by Tallis and Palestrina were sung with precision and style by the Schola Polyphonica under Henry Washington, and the programme also included Britten's curious *Lachrymae*, based on a song of Dowland, for viola and piano, played by Patrick Ireland and Peggy Gray, and Bach's *Canonic Variations* for organ (soloist Allan Wicks) on the choral *Von Himmel hoch da komm ich her*.

I have to apologize for a slip of the type-writer which made me write in my article last week, in a reference to the well-known work by Boulez, *Le Maître sans Marteau* when the correct title is *Le Marteau sans Maître*.

ROLLO H. MYERS

## Anton Bruckner's Masses

By ROBERT SIMPSON

The Mass in E minor will be broadcast at 9.35 p.m. on Wednesday, December 14 (Third)



THE TERSENESS of Bruckner's Masses could do much to inspire more cautious criticism of the symphonies, the very individual, expansive processes were the result of the composer's further development and experience. All the Masses are, in Bruckner's late-developing career, early works, it is certainly true that the symphonies can only be grasped only in the light of the Masses. Modern students could, if they would, learn much from comparing the veiled but true form of the *Benedictus* of the E minor Mass with the organically alien but superficially similar structure of the first movement of the Ninth Symphony; they would discover with surprise how many of Bruckner's rare forms can be misread the casual or prejudiced ear, for the symmetries they create may suggest a *gauche* apt to inflate those of the conventional. They are especially dangerous to those who persist in seeing the themes without hearing their tonalities. Familiarity with the Masses would prepare the ground for a realization of

clear-cut avoidance of that special kind of smoothness that any good student can achieve. That Bruckner was a good student cannot be doubted on the evidence of his teachers and examiners, most of whom were only too anxious to foster technical fluency for its own sake. However great his later admiration for Wagner, his direct, rustic mind was rarely concerned with the manufacture of smooth transitions; the craze for argument in music is a fundamentally literary idea, for it has behind it a confused notion that logic is musically expressible. Bruckner's approach to this question is not less truthful for being unconscious, and the result can be as disconcerting as the bare, uncereceremonious middle-period symphonies of Haydn, which can also jerk certain types of mind into a mistaken sense of crudeness.

The three great Masses, however, show (as do many passages in the symphonies) that Bruckner could master the 'art of transition' whenever the structure demanded, and listeners should find it unnecessary to discard many habits when hearing them. Their more normal dimensions do not dictate the bolder unorthodoxies that abound in the huge symphonies. The full force of Bruckner's bluntness may be felt in the D minor Mass of 1864, in which choral unisons are very characteristic, being sometimes introduced with great power and brilliance, without warning. This is often true of the other Masses. Not many effects, for instance, could be grander than that in the *Sanctus* of the E minor Mass (called No. 2—1866), where the eight-part polyphony suddenly coalesces into block harmonies and then hardens into a granite-like unison at the very climax itself. Equal to this in impact is the great moment (*in gloria Dei Patri*) in the *Gloria* of the F minor Mass (1868), when the blaze of vocal unison cleaves open the way for a splendid fugue on one of Bruckner's boldest subjects. Of the three works, No. 2 in E minor is the most restrained, having no strings in the orchestra; it is also nearer to the normal conception of a service than its companions. None of them, however, is designed for liturgical use, but rather for the concert-hall. The E minor has hitherto been most often heard in England, and those who know it will realise how finely the opening *Kyrie*, with its optional but really superfluous accompaniment, achieves a 'pre-classical' detachment in a purely nineteenth-century harmonic idiom.

Bruckner's limiting of the orchestra in the E minor Mass to wind alone results in a powerful discipline; not only that—it helps to create an

atmosphere that is severe without being archaic. The sound of winds inevitably suggests the organ, and it is one of the great curiosities of music that Bruckner, among the greatest organists of his time, should never have written significant works for his instrument. Instead, its influence may be felt throughout his orchestration, with or without strings, and the grand spaciousness of his characteristic sound is achieved only because, as Tovey pointed out, his scoring is entirely free from the mistakes of the typical organ-loft composer. It is probable that Bruckner's late development as a composer was the result of a deep psychological timidity that for a long time prevented him from actually writing his music down for other people to perform; at the organ he was free, could improvise magnificently, and had no need to write, nor to trust other performers. So there is, alas, no organ music by Bruckner.

The E minor Mass is, in some ways, Bruckner's finest; it is decidedly the most concentrated. Its polyphony, though it reflects the composer's own time, is rooted in the oldest traditions. At the same time this work shows at once a richness and an economy of modulation, strictly harnessed to the sense of the words and the demands of total coherence, that cannot be found even in the great F minor Mass. A notable example is in the *Gloria*, at *Quoniam tu solus sanctus*, where the women's voices float in over a flowing accompaniment that shifts its harmonic ground exquisitely and unexpectedly, yet with absolute aptness both to the immediate situation and to the needs of large-scale form. Many such instances could be quoted.

*Gloria* and *Credo* are both in C; the latter has a massive main theme and a strong forward impulse that predicts the *Scherzo* of the Eighth Symphony. Note also the passage from *Et incarnatus est* to *sepultus est*—it is one finely constructed melody whose parts exactly express the various passing meanings of the words without ever damaging the whole. Bruckner the songwriter? The idea is perhaps less of a joke than one might think.

The rest of the Mass is equally straightforward and equally subtle. The great *crescendo* of the *Sanctus* is a process analogous to such mighty passages as the opening of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, and the *Benedictus* is like one of those winding *Gesangsperioden* that follow such an opening in one of his larger symphonic movements. In the *Agnus Dei* Bruckner, even in an early work, is at his greatest.

A error natural to our time is the frequent use of that brevity and conciseness are synonymous terms, that understatement is better than verbosity. In any art, only adequacy, of course, is tolerable. Just as in the nineteenth century many second-rate composers made rhetorical succinctness an end in itself, so today too many are obsessed with the desire to be concisely laconic. Most of them are more successful in this direction than they realise. But what is the smaller man's limitations, a master is always concise when his means are no more nor than adequate for his ends, whether such be those of Sibelius at the one extreme or Bruckner at the other. Is an elephant less wise than a flea? The inference is not that the composer brings zoological analogies to music, but that both elephant and flea would be wonderful and less credible if their qualities had more in common. At any rate, the fact that Bruckner's early choral music shows his ability to create the more moderate forms of musical life should have a clarifying effect.

His earliest setting of the Mass dates from 1845, the *Missa Solemnis* in B flat minor, a work. While it is not comparable with the later big settings, it foreshadows (like the still earlier D minor Requiem) a particular quality essential to the mature music. Despite its conventional turn of phrase and harmony, it is conventional to the point of bluntness in its



## Bridge Forum

## Answers to Listeners' Questions—VII

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



In the present series on Network Three, bridge questions submitted by listeners are answered by a panel. Throughout the series Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer in this column some of the questions not included in the radio programmes.

**Question 1** (from Mr. E. L. Norton, Uplyme, Lyme Regis):

I nearly came to blows with my partner the other night about two hands in the same rubber. This was the first:

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 9 8	♠ 10 7 3
♥ A Q 5 3	♥ K 7 4 2
♦ A K 9 5 2	♦ 6 3
♣ —	♣ A 10 7 4

I opened One Diamond as West, partner bid One No Trump and I Three Spades, hoping for a chance to bid Four Hearts on the next round. But partner gave me Four Spades, which went to pieces when I was forced in clubs and the diamonds didn't break.

**Answer:** This was a little unlucky, in the sense that none of the bids was especially bad. You would have been wiser to bid only Two Spades over One No Trump: then you would surely have a chance to show hearts as well. As it was, East's Four Spades, though unfortunate in the result, was not unreasonable. It looked as though you had a more unbalanced hand, with longer suits.

**Question 2** (also from Mr. E. L. Norton):

Soon afterwards came the calamity to end all calamities:

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 9 7 5 3 2	♠ A
♥ Q 10 8 4	♥ A K J 9 6 3
♦ A 3	♦ K 5
♣ —	♣ A 10 4 2

Playing Acol, my partner opened Two Hearts. The bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
—	—	—	2H
No	2S	3C	Dble
No	3S	No	No!!
No			

Was I very wrong to be content with Three Spades? I had no idea the bidding would die. Partner said I should have gone straight to Blackwood after taking out the double.

**Answer:** East was completely wrong to pass Three Spades. Apart from the fact that he had no reason to despair, one does not stay short of game when there has been a positive response to a Two bid.

Your Three Spades was not a mistake, but Three Hearts would have been better. Later you would have an opportunity to show the diamond ace and the club void. Indeed, you might have bid Four Clubs over the double of Three Clubs. Blackwood would have been foolish in view of your blank suit: if you got a Five Heart response you would not know which aces were meant.

**Question 3** (from Mr. R. M. Green, Bar-kingside, Ilford):

I would be grateful if you could give me your views on the following hand:

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 4	♠ 6 2
♥ A K Q	♥ 9 6 4
♦ A K 7 5 3	♦ J 8 6 4 2
♣ J 10	♣ 7 5 3

I opened Two Clubs with the West hand and rebid Two No Trumps over Two Diamonds. This was passed out, and, as you can see, Five Diamonds is very good and Three No Trumps reasonable. I was strongly criticized for my rebid of Two No Trumps.

**Answer:** Criticized with reason: I suspect you counted your points and allowed that to determine your bid. You should bid Three Diamonds, for (1) if partner has a yarborough with ♣ 9 x x x you will still have a play for Three No Trumps, and (2) if partner can bid either major that will suit you well.

**Question 4** (from Mr. J. K. Kroes, The Hague, Holland):

West held:

♠ A 5 3 ♥ 4 ♦ A 10 7 2 ♣ A K Q 10 5

He opened One Club and his partner responded One Diamond. What should he bid now?

**Answer:** A simple force of Two Spades is the normal action. If partner supports spades you have plenty of room in which to show that you forced on the strength of diamond support. There is no ground for precipitous action such as Four No Trumps. By bidding the spades and then supporting the diamonds strongly you give partner a chance to assess your distribution—perhaps to pin-point your singleton heart.

**Question 5** (from Mr. R. W. Tarrant, Thorpe Bay, Essex): Would you give your opinion concerning the best technique to use in playing the following:

WEST	EAST
♠ A x x	♠ K x x
♥ x	♥ A Q x x x
♦ A K Q x x x x	♦ J x
♣ x x	♣ A Q x

North leads a spade and West has to make Six Diamonds.

**Answer:** There are eleven tricks on top and, at worst, declarer can give himself the chance of one out of two finesses. He would like to combine this with the chance of setting up a long heart, but examination of entries will show that finessing the queen of hearts at trick 2 can be awkward in some circumstances.

The simplest and best plan is to win with the ace of spades, lead a heart to the ace and ruff a heart. Then comes ace and a low diamond, followed by a third heart which can be ruffed high if the trumps have broken 2—2 or 3—1. If everyone has followed in hearts, then a long heart can surely be established for the twelfth

trick; if not, declarer can try the club finesse and if that fails there may still be a squeeze.

**Question 6** (from Mr. G. Abrahams, Prince Alfred Road, Liverpool): Defending against no trumps, I hold K 7 2 of the suit led, sitting over dummy's A x. Dummy plays low and I win with the king. What is my conventional return? I personally think 'the lowest necessary'—i.e., the 2. But I have found players who misunderstand this return.

**Answer:** So they might. The conventional practice in this situation is to return the original fourth best. That is useful when the distribution is something of this sort:

NORTH	EAST
A 4	K 9 5 2
WEST	SOUTH
Q 10 8 3	J 7 6

After West has led the 3, East wins with the king and returns the 2. When West next has the lead he can lay down the queen, knowing that South has only one card left.

Suppose, on the other hand, that the suits were distributed as follows:

NORTH	EAST
A 4	K 7 2
WEST	SOUTH
Q 10 8 3	J 9 6 5

Now East returns the 7 at trick 2. When West gains the lead he can judge that his partner has not more than three cards and so does not make the mistake of laying down the queen.

**Question 7** (from Mr. I. G. Smith, Twyford Hants): My partner and I failed badly in the bidding of the following hand:

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 9 8 7 6	♠ —
♥ A	♥ K 7 5 2
♦ K J 3	♦ A Q 5 2
♣ K Q 4	♣ J 9 7 6 3

We bid as follows:

WEST	EAST
2S	3D
4D	5D
No	

Do you agree with my partner's Three Diamond response? My contention was that the response to a Two bid should be in a short suit with high cards only when there is a probability of playing in the opener's suit.

**Answer:** Yes, your point is substantially right. If East had held, say, Q x in spades, so that he could expect spades to be the eventual contract, he would have been right to respond in diamonds, where his high cards lay. As it was, the best suit had still to be found, and a straightforward Three Clubs was the proper response. That would have lead easily enough to Six Clubs.





# ABOUT THE HOUSE



## French Roasted Apples

FOR THIS DISH you will need:

- 4 or 5 medium-sized cooking apples
- a nut of butter
- 2 tablespoons of honey
- some snippets of lemon rind

Peel and slice the apples and put them into a casserole or an earthenware pot. Dot the top with the butter and cover with the honey and lemon rind. No liquid is required. Cover with a buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, turning the apples occasionally so that they cook evenly. Serve hot with cream.

MOLLY WEIR  
'Today' (Home Service)

## Cheese and Apple Savouries

To make twenty-four cheese and apple savouries you will need:

- 4 oz. of self-raising flour
- 2 oz. of butter or margarine
- 2 oz. of cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt
- a good pinch of grated nutmeg
- 1 egg
- 2 eating apples

Grate the cheese finely. Sieve together flour, salt and nutmeg, and rub in the butter. Add grated cheese. Peel and core the apples and grate coarsely, directly into the mixture to prevent the apple turning brown. Mix to a firm dough with

the beaten egg. Roll out on floured board to a quarter of an inch thick, and cut into shapes. Bake on a greased and floured baking sheet for approximately 15 minutes in a moderate oven, 400° F. or gas mark 5.

NANCY MOTT  
—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

## Stilton Cheese

Stilton cheese is specially popular at Christmas time, and at its best from early November until April or May. To choose the best, see that the 'background' is creamy-white, not going brown. It should be open in texture and slightly moist. In a good cheese the blue veins are evenly spread through it.

If you buy a fairly small piece of Stilton cheese, this is the best way of keeping it. Wrap it in something like polythene, and for preference put it on a wooden cheese board, and stand it in the cool—the bottom shelf of the refrigerator is ideal. A small piece of Stilton should be eaten within about ten days.

If you buy a whole or half Stilton, again stand it on a wooden surface, as cool as possible, out of draughts, and cover the cut surface with a piece of polythene or muslin dipped into a weak salt solution. It will keep for three or four weeks: so a whole or half Stilton bought one week before Christmas should last well into the New Year.

Something that may surprise Stilton fanciers

is that the whole or half Stilton should never be scooped out, though one often sees this done in hotels and restaurants. It is a waste of cheese, because the good part next to the crust becomes hard and yellow. You should cut a horizontal slice off the top, and then cut the slice into wedge-shaped pieces like a cake. The experts also assure me that it is a crime to moisten Stilton cheese with port. Drink port with it, if you like, but never pour it into the cheese.

LOUISE DAVIES  
—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

## Notes on Contributors

AUSTEN ALBU (page 1031): M.P. (Labour) for Edmonton; a Governor of the Imperial College of Science and Technology

TIBOR MENDE (page 1033): has travelled widely in Asia and recently visited Tunisia; author of *Conversations with Mr. Nehru*, and *South-East Asia Between Two Worlds*

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, C.B.E. (page 1042): Professor of the History of Art, Birkbeck College, London University; author of *An Outline of European Architecture*, *Pioneers of Modern Design*, *High Victorian Design*, *The Englishness of English Art*, etc.

SIR HARRY LUKE, K.C.M.G. (page 1050): Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, 1938-42; author of *Caribbean Circuit*, *Cities and Men*, *Islands of the South Pacific*, etc.

JOSEPH KERMAN (page 1059): American music critic; author of *Opera as Drama*

## Crossword No. 1,593.

## Scene around Kew.

## By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 15. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

Among the down clues, seven are indicated by two numbers; the lights for these are to be entered diagonally, from the first number to the second. A quotation, starting at the north-west corner, goes round the border in a clockwise sense. The quotation, and the letters which closely surround the curved centre-piece, suggest the five-letter word which occupies this space. Some of the lights cross the

curved boundary, but none of them contains the letter in the centre square. R = reversed; U = up.

### CLUES—ACROSS

7. Baronet far away in French joint (7)
8. Pierce has a gee to mount upon (5)
10. Is Sambucus the senior deacon? (5)
12. When this breaks down, look back for one source of help (3)
14. Put on clothes, as of old,—a measure against the evening dampness (5)
16. Ancient epistoler with an article on part of his country (5)
17. If 'high-class' gets involved in a shabby trick—that's a blow! (5)
19. It's a bit odd if a Mediterranean island is bleak to a Scot (4)
22. Country that can easily produce 'a little Liberal' (4)
23. For the French to get antimony around here, it's a 'piece of cake' (4)
- 26R. French tutor appears in a drab beret (4)
28. English professor the French put away from the Dutch fair (3)
29. Vulture has an irritating experience with the head of an urson on either side (5)
30. What Azazel became after losing some of the bliss (5)
31. Nile Princess for whom the Crane King fell: see the nonsense rhyme (4)
36. King, whose realm was later 16, nearly fills this Spanish house (4)
- 37R. In which you may have a row and some sauce too, perhaps (4)
42. You can back this faggot to catch about tea-time (5)
44. Does this learner study a crab's claw? (5)
45. Somehow got used to his condition after losing fortune (6)
46. District of the tailless ox is most of ancient France (3)
47. Try to arrange, as one did, to reveal this nasal disease (8)
50. Groups of flies around our friend over the water (8)
52. Old English countryman drops an aspirate in angry rage (5)

### DOWN

1. Indisposition makes Mahomet's cousin uneasy (3)
2. Get a kite in the air from a precarious ledge (5)

3. His light still shows the crossing: the prophet goes but the mountain remains (5)
- 4U. Upsetting a dog's dinner causes a rumpus (5)
- 5U. You see a small branch before the old prickly shrub appears (5)
6. He's going around the blitzed city without care (8)
8. Here's a maggot! This is the food you get up town in Oregon (4)
11. Two-fold calamity in Orkney estate; old bishop turns up here (4)
12. About three pints for the old Jew; so get a taxi (3)
15. The point at which Sally Lunn turns up (3)
18. The monkey of 'Beasts and Superbeasts' (4)
- 21-9. Cornish town contains uranium in well-dug river channel (4)
23. Beg the last bit of fat—it's what Jack's wife likes (4)
24. Cockney calls for a Hawaiian dance in this hall (4)
25. Very soft sportsman twisted in fraudulent scheme (6)
27. First it's sea-birds; what more is there to make the Spanish gaoiler carp? (7)
- 30-18. Wolf! Wolf! (4)
32. See in ancient Rome with temporary substitute in charge (5)
- 32-13. This lout, with a fiend after him, is Lob, the brownie (6)
- 33-20. Best hit, usually made in an Irishman's speech (4)
- 35-53. To the Hungarian governor nearly everyone is commonplace (5)
38. This river channel contains no uranium (See 21-9) (3)
- 39-51. You have to be down before morning light, Ray (4)
40. Poison, highly esteemed in novel form, in 1924 (4)
41. Not quite sober—Jock's been indulging in the Athole variety! (5)
42. A dashing fellow takes one in this car (5)
43. Note: before morning you will get an Indian orchid (4)
- 48-34. Ugly pouts for Scottish relation (4)
49. A tract of land lacking a metric measurement (3)

## Solution of No. 1,591

GAROM'S CAMBLE  
ALAMEDA PICOAK  
NUCHALBRAHMI  
AREPSCROBEBE  
DEDALKINEMAS  
APPLESTUMIST  
SOANDGSENEATH  
PICEOUSASSISE  
ONRERIOTINHOR  
STINGSMETOPE  
FESTUJELNCHI  
SLICKERSTAKIN

### NOTES

Six- and seven-letter words: (Figures in brackets indicate where these words were originally clued).  
Across: 5(4); 11(38); 13(35); 14(28); 16(13); 19(11); 20(15); 28(36); 29(9); 34(27); 35(26); 36(6); 38(22); 39(19).  
Down: 1(23); 4(25); 6(17); 8(39); 9(5); 15(16); 17(34); 21(1D); 22(21); 23(29A); 25(8); 27(14).

1st prize: Miss R. M. Kettlewell (Hounslow); 2nd prize: J. F. Feakins (Thame); 3rd prize: T. W. Melliush (London, S.E.24)

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